

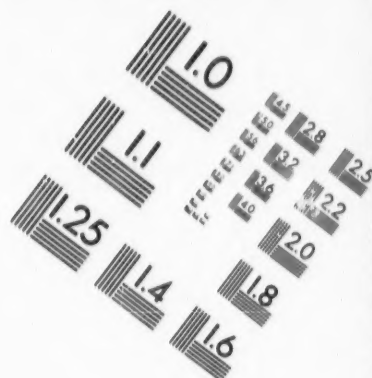
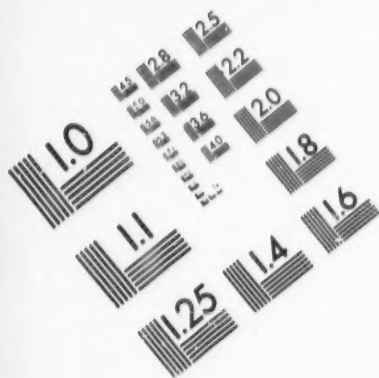
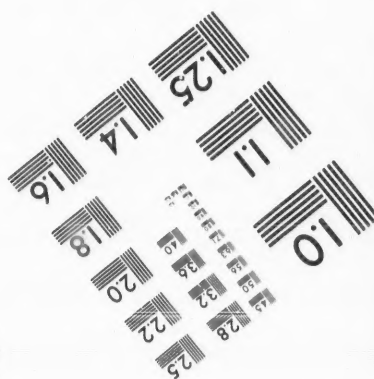
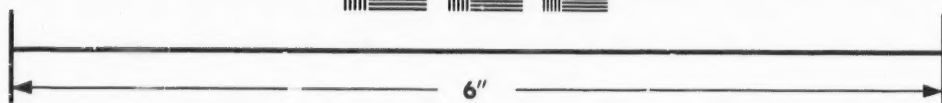
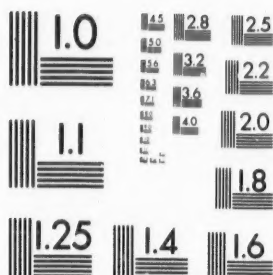


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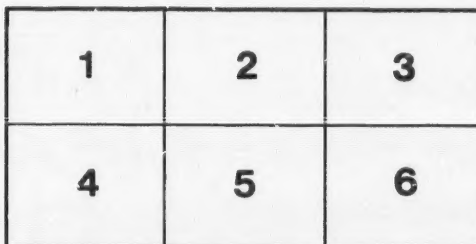
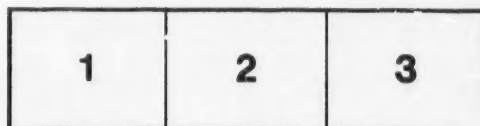
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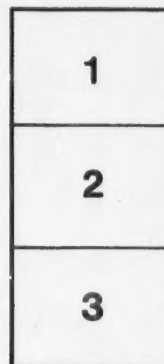
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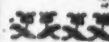
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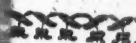




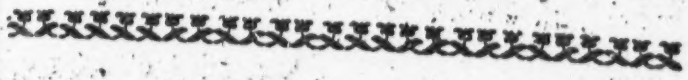
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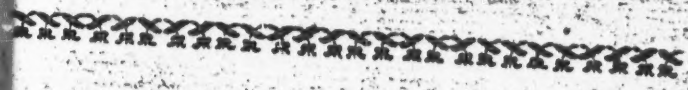


W A R:

AN HEROIC

P O E M.

By George Cockings.



W. A. R.
P. O. Box
B. George

W A

AN HEROIC POEM

THE HISTORY OF THE

Taking of Minorca, by the

TO THE
Reduction of the Island of Minorca

By the Author of the

Sir George Pocock
POEM

The Siege of Minorca
By George Pocock

By the AUTHOR

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by T. & J. Mathews, in Cornhill, 1757.

W A R:
AN HEROIC P O E M,
FROM THE
Taking of MINORCA, by the French ;
TO THE
Reduction of the HAVANNAH,
By the EARL of ALBEMARLE,
Sir GEORGE POCOCK, &c.
The Second EDITION, to the raising
The Siege of QUEBEC:
With large Amendments, and Additions.
By the AUTHOR.

BOSTON, N. E. Printed by S. ADAMS, for the AUTHOR ;
and sold by T. LEVERETT, in Cornhill, EDES & GILL, and
D. & J. KNEELAND, in Queenstreet. 1762.

[Price, one Dollar.]

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UTHOR;
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W A R

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

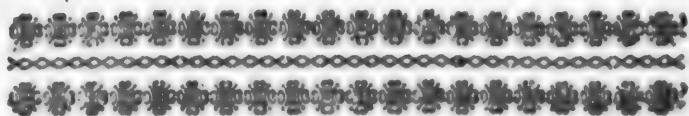
Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1704

By Authority

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church-yard



T H E

P R E F A C E.

XXXXXXXXX READERS, of whatever rank, or denomination, if ye should receive any pleasure from, and approve the following lines, as to their general design, it is the summit of my ambition. I am no writer by profession, but at my leisure hours, wrote the siege of Louisbourg, in the winter of 1758; in Newfoundland, to amuse myself, and friends: and had no thoughts of printing it. But in the great, and ever-memorable year of fifty-nine, so repeated, and rapid, were our conquests, both by sea, and land, in Europe, Africa, and America; so often came news of our successes from every part, (like gunpowder, when touch'd by the

A 3

match,)

match,) my fancy took fire! the rapt'rous joy grew too great to be contain'd within bounds! and I thought among the rest, I wou'd add my share of applause, and strive to register in the book of fame, the heroic actions perform'd by our Troops, and Tara. I therefore assum'd my pen, and compleated the following Poem: and being at length persuaded by some gentlemen, (to whom I repeated it,) I have ventur'd it in the press, and submit it to the public censure, from which there is no appeal; and I hope they will look favourably on it, and not chill the ardour of my genius, by a severe criticism; this being the first essay I ever dar'd offer to the public inspection. Many faults, doubtless, may be found in the Poem; for I, perhaps, (like a tender mother, fond of her own offspring,) view it with partial prejudice; and as she can see fire, in a dull, languid eye, beauty, in a rustic, freckled face, and symmetry, even in distorted limbs; I fondly fancy a poetic fire glides thro' every part of it; think those lines run smoth, and fall with a proper cadence, which perhaps are rough, and discordant; and the whole is but a feeble, and un-sonant;

THE PREFACE.

vii

sonant; and tho' I shou'd fancy a just proportion even in all its parts; where I think it most compleat, to others it may seem the most deficient. For the best gallic cooks, (tho' they are so universally admir'd,) cou'd never yet, send a dish to table, so elegantly compos'd, as to please the palate of every Feeder. How then can I, unnoticed, and unknown, without a patron, and unacquainted in this part of the World, and without the additional weight of years on my side: I say, (all these circumstances consider'd,) how can I expect to give a general satisfaction, to the Warriors, the Wits, the Scholars, and the Men of sense; and to every other class of Readers, whose sentiments, doubtless, will not run concordant with my own. But I have done all I can to give satisfaction, and rouse a spirit of emulation in every Reader. And if on the perusal, any Gentleman, that shall find I have made any material omissions, will be so good as to leave me a notice of it at Messieurs *Edes* and *Gills*, printers in Queen-street; and directed for me:

me: if ever I shou'd be favour'd by the public approbation, so far, as to print a third impression, he may depend it shall be inserted, shou'd the hint be suitable to the design of my Poem. But if it is a hint, dictated by a party spirit, he may save himself the trouble, and depend it shall never be inserted. For my intention is not to calumniate any man; nor even to write a true narration of what any particular person may have done amiss, thro' cowardice, inadvertency, inexperience, incautious confidence in others promises, pride, or the like. Neither do I meddle with the interest of the two opposing parties in Great-Britain, and Ireland. But my sole design is this; (fir'd by a love of my Country! and a generous esteem for all, who have fought, bled, or dy'd for my Country's cause!) to exert my utmost efforts, to inroll in the list of fame their Names; to call them forth in the fairest point of view; and dress their amazing actions! in all the elegance of harmonious numbers, and poetic truth! to warm the heart of him that fought,

and

and lives ! to give a just, deserv'd encomium, on the worthy warring dead ! and inspire with heroic sentiments, the soul of every youth which reads, and hath not yet been reaping the honourable harvest of martial glory !

He, who governs his People with Regal Lenity, and paternal fondness : those who hazard their Royal Persons in battle, for their Country's Welfare : the Ministers, and Patriots, that nobly plan her warlike schemes ; who firmly stem the tide of opposition, which wou'd break down, and over-run, the bounds of her happy constitution ; with all those, who draw the Sword in Britannia's quarrel, whether Englishmen, Caledonians, or Hibernians, and carry their patriot schemes, (dreadfully,) into a wasting execution ! All such as these, demand duty, allegiance, and a generous acknowledgment of every heart, sensibly touch'd with a due sense of their kingly care ! successful plans ! and heroic performances ! and such a King, such Princes, Patriots, and Ministers, has England got. And such Warriors we have,

in

The P R E F A C E.

in the Royal Navy, and Army of Great-Britain, that common sense, and gratitude, bid us reverence them ! and speak of their great merits, in the most exalted strain ! and so long as I write, I shall always bestow my encomiums on those, who plan my Country's good, preserve peace, and amity, so much as possible in the land ; fight her battles, and pour destruction on her inveterate foes. These, I say, shall employ my tongue, to sing their fame, and give them due honours, of what country, or party soever : for he that does the Nation good, deserves a grateful acknowledgment of the same.

I have, as well as I can, thro' the whole Poem, preserv'd a continu'd narration of the events, as they happen'd ; yet I cou'd not avoid interjecting some things, where they scarce seem'd to claim a place : but as I thought they scarce deserv'd discussion by themselves, I did it to avoid a fruitless repetition of sieges, surrenders, attacks, and skirmishes, and to keep the Poem from swelling to too great a bulk : I mean those places

in Africa, the Indies, &c. placing the time of their reduction, mostly at the time, when the Armaments sailed from hence, destin'd against them; tho' in reality, they fell long after, beneath the heavy battle of those Tars, and Troops, which sail'd thither, arm'd with angry Britain's vengeance! For it was in less compass than three years, the plans were form'd; and carried into execution, against Louibourg, the Continent, and Quebec: against Maloes, Cherburg, and the gallic Fleets; and all the other expeditions against our Enemies, in Africa, &c. So that I scarce knew how to digest the whole into a regular narration, and not vary in a point, as to the time of the events; and therefore I thought proper to throw in together, the attacks, and reductions of Guadaloup, Senegal, Granada, St. Martin's, Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore, Calcutta, and the Nabob twice defeated, under the command of *Watson, Pocock, Moore, Clive, Draper, Marsh, Koppel, Mason, Barrington, Sayer, &c. &c. &c.* These, I therefore reckon'd up in the first of the Poem, when I mention'd Great-Britain rousing to battle;

her

The P R E F A C E.

her Armament for war, and pouring her victorious Troops round about, on every side ; since it was near about the same time they sail'd from England ; and I hope as I have mention'd such events happen'd, and under such Commanders, it will pass without undergoing a severe criticism. Whilst General *Wolfe*, Admiral *Saunders*, &c. are beleaguering, and attacking Quebec ; I have likewise mention'd by way of episode, what General *Amherst*, General *Johnson*, &c. &c. &c. achiev'd on the Continent ; tho' perhaps, some of it was done long before : but I scarce knew a place, in which I cou'd insert it more conveniently ; and I hope the learned Chronologer will let me escape, without passing too harsh a censure on that passage. And if I shou'd have transgress'd the rules of narration, in a series of such great events, or deviated from, the most exact niceties, which some people may imagine a work of this nature requires, I hope the generality of my Readers, of candour, sense, and learning, will put a favourable construction on it, and consider I am but young, am no more than man ; and therefore

very

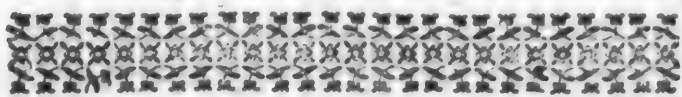
very liable to great errors ; and what a vast undertaking, for a young man's first essay, I have now in hand.

I don't pretend to be a first rate Poet ; perhaps, may never deserve the title of a Poet. But I am conscious of my writing truth, (without flattery ;) unadorn'd with poetic fiction, (which like a nauseous daubing, on a beautiful face, hides the sweet attractive smiles, and native simplicity of the features :) and I design'd the Poem for the honour of my King, and Country. And if I had thought my circumstances wou'd have permitted that waste of time, and paying for paper, and the press, without any thing for it, it wou'd have been printed long before it was ; for I delay'd it some time, on account of getting subscribers ; and was favour'd with the approbation, and subscription, of some hundreds in London : and here, I think myself, oblig'd in gratitude, to acknowledge with thanks, the good reception I have met, and the approbation I have here receiv'd, in general, from the Gentlemen of Boston, Cambridge,

The P R E F A C E.

but possession of the Trident, and commands the Ocean!
 and I am stung to the Heart, by the Hornet! I
 wish I could keep pace, in smooth lines, and a
 nervous diction, with all the heroic actions, per-
 form'd by the matchless Warriors of the three Na-
 tions; whose circumspection in looking out for
 our enemies, and conduct, and undaunted bravery,
 in the day of battle, no pen can flatter. But this
 is a thing only to be wish'd, and not to be per-
 form'd, by the most arduous application, of the
 great admirer of their Deeds.

GEORGE COCKINGS.



THE
A R G U M E N T
TO THE WHOLE
P O E M.

XXXX F Providence; and Britain's happy state,
O By Heav'n preserv'd, from black impending
XXXX fate,

This be my theme, this be my sweet employ,
To sing the strain, with gratitude and joy !
While others, (in heroic, lofty verse,)
Great *Fredrick's* name, and *Fredrick's* praise re-
hearse,
Mine be the task, the English war to sing,
Great-Britain's Heroes, and Great-Britain's King.
By arms, and battles, gloriously inspir'd,
(Replete with joy! with rapt'rous ardour fir'd!)
I trace grim death, and our triumphant Bands,
Thro' Indian, African, and Gallic lands ;
Where Englishmen, at martial glory's call,
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The ARGUMENT.

Macpherson, Frazer, Howe†, the terrors of the field !
Burton, whose soul is full of active zeal !
Dalling, and *Ince*, who fought for Britain's weal.
Amherst, and *Johnson*, live, heroes rever'd
 By Britain's sons ; to Britain's King endear'd.
Brave Rogers, Forbes, Schomberg, Bradstreet, bold ;
 Are in Britannia's war-like list inroll'd :
 With ev'ry Hero, fir'd by manly glow,
 Who hurl'd our veng'ance on the cruel foe.
 These rang'd victorious, thro' Canadia's land,
 And pluck'd the hatchet from the scalper's hand !
 Each soldier signaliz'd, each daring tar !
 (The light'nings! and the thunderbolts of war !)
 Thro' glory's paths, I ardently pursue !
 But only write what they alone can do.
 Like radiant Sol, when at meridian height,
 The Heroes blaze, with self-relulgent light.
 I sing how *Wolfe*, the faithless foe engag'd ;
 (For where *Wolfe* led, the battle fiercely rag'd !)
 The havoc of his war, the mould'ring walls !
Quebec's, Cape-Breton's Fate ; the conquer'd Gauls !
His

† *Col. Howe*, who clear'd the path, and dislodg'd the guards
 on the hill near *Quebec* ; and when the two armies engag'd,
 cover'd the left flank, and rear, with his light-infantry, from
 all attempts made by the French, Indians, and Canadians.

The ARGUMENT.

3

His war-like deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
Whom vanquish'd foes admire! and conqu'ring
Britons love!

By bloody toils, He earn'd on hostile ground,
That honour great; with which his mem'ry's
crown'd!

In Britain's cause, (amid the martial strife,)
He fought, He conquer'd! and resign'd his life!

So *Sampson* flung proud Dagon's temple down,
Gain'd glorious death! and Conquest! and Renown!

Where English, Scotch, and bold Hibernians storm,
(A formidable, triple union form!)

The threefold Pow'rs, their Gallantry display,
Like Powder, Shot, and Fire, impetuous force their
way!



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H. S. 1791



The POEM, address'd to the Patriots, and
Heroes, of *Great-Britain, Ireland, and*
America.

YE Patriots sage ! who plann'd the deep designs
Of war: 'midst which, Britannia dreadful shines;
(On Whom She leans, with great exulting glow,)
Where'er you point, She strikes the wasting blow !
Ye mighty warriors ; terrors of the world !
By whom, at land, and sea, our thunder's hurl'd ;
To you, this book is sent, with filial fear ;
Craves soft'ning smiles ; and begs paternal care.
You, who (like *David's* worthies,) round the throne
Of mighty *GEORGE*, form a tremendous zone !
From you the transports flow ! 'tis you inspire !
As blust'ring winds, to flame, blow latent fire !
From you I caught the great resistless glow !
Whilst you dealt veng'ance on th'insulting foe !
Whilst you, on land, the pride of Gaul restrain ;
Or sweep victorious o'er the swelling main ;
My fancy burns ! transported with delight !
With ardour wing'd ! pursues you to the fight ;
Oh, prop the cause of honour, fame, and truth !
Cherish the sallies of unripen'd youth,
Since from your deeds, the growing theme must rise ;
Accept the tribute due, and deign to patronize.



W A R.

BOOK the First,

THE
ARGUMENT.

THE Rout at *Dettingen* ; the first inspiration to this Poem. The beginning of the present war ; and our victories touch'd on, by way of anticipation. An invocation of *Urania*, and *Glio*. An exultation, on reflecting on the happy possession of his Majesty King GEORGE ; and the prussian KING, as our ally : with the Patriots, *Pitt*, and *Legge* : with a pleasing reflection on GEORGE the 3d, crown'd with conquests, and surrounded by terrene, and naval Heroes. The French attacking *Portmahon*, and their threatening to invade *England* ; with the terror, and confusion, which that caused. *Pitt*, rising like the Sun, from behind a thunder-cloud, to make Britannia smile, and putting his war-like schemes into execution. *Great-Britain* rousing to war ; (after the loss of *Minorca*,) like a Lion rousing from his den, who sees his cub sprawling among the Dogs. The de-

scents at *Guadaloup, Goree, and Senegal*; *Granada, St. Martin's, Marigalante, Surai, Chandernagore, and Calcutta*. The achievements of Britannia's worthies on the Continent. The descent at *St. Maloes*. The storm our navy suffer'd in off *Louisbourg*: and their return to *England*. The armament the following spring, under Admiral *Boscawen*, and Admiral *Hardy*; and General *Amberst*, and General *Wolfe*. The landing at *Louisbourg* describ'd, with the death of *Capt. Bailly*, and *Lieut. Cutbbert*: The martial rage of the Scotchmen, who with *Scott, Gorham*, the Rangers, and England's Troops, rush'd on to the battle. The rout, & confusion, before the Generals *Amberst*, and *Wolfe*. The batteries rais'd, with the bombardment, and cannonading; General *Amberst*, playing on the town, and grand fort. General *Wolfe's*, taking possession of the light-house battery; and his battery against the island-fort. The french man of war burnt in the harbour; and the bien-saillant tow'd off by our tars. The united attack, of General *Amberst*, and General *Wolfe*, against the town, and grand fort. The havock of their war; and surrender of the fort. Reflections on *Ulysses*, and *Diomedes*, going into the grecian camp, and the resemblance the Generals *Amberst*, and *Wolfe*, bore to them, in their expedition.



THE
INTRODUCTION.

WHEN I at first, poetic ardour knew,
And big with martial themes, my Bosom
grew ;

From pregnant fancy, fir'd by war-like worth,
My rising thoughts, prepar'd to sally forth :

In years a child, in literature more young,

With secret transport, on the theme I hung :

I heard much talk, of Dettingen's fam'd fight,
Where *Lewis* bow'd, beneath the Lion's might.

Grown more mature, (a manly age attain'd,)
The strong impressions on my mind remain'd.

I wish'd a day, like that, to grace my pen,

When *GEORGE*, the second, fought at Dettingen ;

Whose presence banish'd all desponding dread,

And thro' the ranks, an emulation spread :

Whilst brave *Augustus*, from his royal Sire,

Caught the great flame, and burn'd with martial fire.

Methought, I trod the glorious sanguin'd way ;

When *Cumberland* pierc'd thro' the French array !

Sometimes,

10 *The* INTRODUCTION.

Sometimes, I view'd intrepid *Ligonier* !
Plunging thro' deaths ! and void of grov'ling fear !
George stood like Jove, amid a thunder-storm ;
Like bolts, and light'nings, these, the gallic ranks
 deform.
The triumphs, and the terrors of the fight,
Rose to my view, and play'd across my sight ;
Quick thro' the chace, my flying fancy sped,
When gens d'armes, and main corps in pannic fled :
Headlong they drove, afraid to stop for breath ;
Rush'd thro' the Rhine, and plung'd to watry death !
Colours deserted, 'mongst the wounded lie ;
And gallic standards, wear a purple dye :
Guns, pikes, spontoons, in wild disorder spread,
Promiscuous lie, among the num'rous dead :
Drums, horses, chiefs, riv'd helms, and spouting
 brains ;
Breastplates, and loathsome carnage loads the plains :
So the sam'd field of Dettingen appear'd,
With gallic troops besrew'd, with gallic blood be-
 smeared.
Just as I reach'd the years to mark me man,
The present war, to burn a-fresh began ;
Design'd, no doubt, by strong resistless Fate,
To sling proud Gallia from her high estate.

When

The INTRODUCTION. 11

When *Wolfe*, and *Amberst*, with Britannia's host,
 Descended on Cape-Breton's hostile coast;
 Now first my heart conceiv'd the great design,
 Whilst these two Heroes mightily combine,
 To sink, or burn the fleet, and raze the walls
 Of Louisbourg, with Britain's bombs and balls.
 When Maloe's fleets, in English flames expir'd;
 The burning news, my teeming fancy fir'd:
 I trac'd prince EDWARD, close to Cherburg's wall,
 And saw the pride of France before him fall:
 My raptur'd bosom, big with pleasure grew;
 When *Boscawen* oppos'd, and beat *DeClue*;
 Who shrank, o'er-pow'r'd, from his impetuous fire,
 And left his Ocean * in the flames t'expire.
 But oh! who can the wond'rous glow disclose?
 When *Hawke*, (by tars esteem'd,) beat Britain's foes?
 Whilst he with rapid flight to conquest flew,
 Conflans transfix'd, devoid of courage grew;
 He led the van, the rear, and center run;
 And England's fire devour'd the Royal Sun †!
 As in his heart, who clasps his darling Fair,

The

* *Monf. DeClue*, commanded the ship Ocean.

† *Le Soleil Royal*. The ship *Monf. Conflans* commanded.
 In English, the Royal Sun.

The INTRODUCTION.

The mighty transports flow, beyond compare !
 (Torrents of joy ! within his bosom rowl ;
 And pleasure fills his captivated soul !)
 My joys rush'd in, like a tumultuous flood ;
 The pond'ous pleasure trill'd along my blood :
 When certain news arriv'd to glad our land,
 (Which shall unparalel'd for ages stand,)
 Our troops had giv'n the num'rous Gauls a check,
 And *Townshend* had possession of Quebec ;
 Like rocks, amid the fight, our warriors stood ;
 Death conquer'd *Wolfe* : but *Wolfe*, Quebec subdu'd.
 All these events, and more, my breast inspir'd ;
 By warmth, unknown before, my soul was fir'd,
 To sing th' exploits Britannia's sons have done,
 What wonders they've perform'd, what mighty
 battles won,
 Can I, whilst they, victorious onward roll,
 In nervous thund'ring diction, trace the whole ?
 Who can the wond'rous worthy task perform ?
 Speak as they fight, or write as when they storm !
 The task, the toils of *Hercules* exceeds ;
Phæton as well, might drive *Apollo's* steeds :
 Now for old *Homer's* flight, and *Homer's* fire ;
 Come *Homer's* soul, and all my soul inspire :
 Thy strong conceptions, with my fancy blend,
 Like

The INTRODUCTION. 13

Like thine, the task is war ! like thine, the theme
must end !

Oh ! might a portion now, of *Whitehead's* skill !

Or *Mason's* fire, my glowing bosom fill :

Might *Johnson's* genius, in my soul preside,

Direct, suggest, and my invention guide :

The slacken'd reins, to fancy's flight I'd give,

And in immortal lines, each Hero's name should
live !

But Fate denies, what reason bids me ask ;

Youth immatur'd, must grapple with the task .

A pond'rous task, but 'tis a glorious aim ;

My fancy's fir'd, amid the warlike theme.

And as the clangor of the trumpet's sound,

Makes the fierce horse with fury paw the ground ;

A gen'rous ardour, trills along his veins ;

To glory's goal, he scours the sanguin'd plains :

So I, well pleas'd, fair honour's call obey,

Sing Britain's triumph, and the Gaul's dismay.

Clio ! Urania ! guide me thro' the whole ;

And with coelestial ardour fill my soul :

In nervous diction, teach my tongue to sing.

Great GEORGE, victorious, Britain's much lov'd
King.

To tell how EDWARD, BRUNSWICK's Grandson,
fought ;

And

14 *The INTRODUCTION.*

And *Howe*, and *Marlb'rough*, Britain's vengeance
 brought
 Round *Maloe's* walls, mûte guns, and troops in
 fright ;
 Whilst fleets ascend in air, 'midst blazing night !
 Set *Wolfe*, *Hawke*, *Amherst*, *Boscawen*, to view ;
 Speak all their worth, and give them honour due !
 With *Schomberg*, *Rogers*, *Johnson*, greatly fam'd,
 Let *Monckton*, *Townshend*, *Keppel*, *Clive*, be nam'd.
 To Indian climes, conduct my fancy far,
 To trace the sons of Scotland through the war :
 Display the prowess of that martial race ;
 And in true light their, matchless valour place.
 Bring ev'ry British Hero on the stage,
 By patriot ardour fir'd, and manly rage,
 Who dar'd in Britain's cause, against the foe
 engage.
 Rouze me to trace 'm thro' each fierce alarm !
 With martial sentiments, my bosom warm ;
 Teach me to sing, their dread voracious frowns,
 In flaming death ! thro' gallic troops, and towns !
 Oh ! give me ardour ! such as well may fit
 The fortitude, and eloquence of *Pitt* ;
 His name, a place, most worthily may claim,
 To aggrandize the pleasing warlike theme ;

That

The INTRODUCTION.

15

That *Pitt*! which gallic lines cou'd never sound!
Greatly capacious! wond'rously profound!
Where *Lewis*, and his politicks are drown'd!
There all his treasures of the torrid Zone,
With northern furs, forts, settlements are thrown:
There sunk *Quebec*, to grand destruction down.
A vast exulting glow my bosom warms!
For Heav'n, propitious, prospers Britain's arms!
And mighty *Fredrick's* name, the quadrate
league alarms!

GEORGE fills the throne, and governs well these
lands;

Next him, with manly soul, great *Pitt* commands;
And on a Legge well fix'd, most firmly stands!
So many, giant-like, of late have rose,
And dealt with patriot zeal, 'gainst Gaul their blows;
Have acted like the Hand of mighty Fate,
To prop the throne, and save the British state!
As stands the man, o'erwhelm'd with dazzling light,
The oculist hath just restor'd to sight:
Around he looks, absorb'd in dear amaze!
And new born bliss, midst bright Apollo's blaze!
With glorious transports! wonders he surveys,
His Maker's hand, Omnipotent, displays!

So

So view I Royal *GEORGE*, with conquest crown'd,
 Whilst throngs of Heroes brave! his throne surround,

In pleasing joy! and grand reflection drown'd!

Homer, his great *Achilles* much extoll'd,

And in the list of fame, a few inroll'd;

Express'd a grand luxuriance of thought,

When he each Hero into action brought;

And with heroic skill, the great narration wrought.

But had he liv'd in *GEORGE* the second's days,

A deathless monument of fame to raise

For ev'ry Hero, we in Britain find,

The task would grow too great for *Homer's* mind.

All cannot with 'distinguish'd merit shine,

Cohorts must throng, in one great pleasing line;

And fleets, in compass of a single page,

Attack, repel, and quell the hostile rage.



W A R:

W A R :
An HEROIC
P O E M.

WHEN first, th' unwelcome news to us was
known,

The gallic thunder fell on Portmahon ;
As mourns the mother, (fond,) her offspring's cries,
Who craves her aid, when threat'ning dangers rise,
So mourn'd each Briton true, Minorca's fate,
Approaching near, and imminently great !
At length, the thund'ring news reach'd Britain's
coast,

Our squadron fled, and Portmahon was lost !
Reports came thick, the French prepar'd to land,
And ravage England, with a mighty hand ;
Their threat'ning troops, to fancy, strong appear'd,
And sighs, and pray'rs, and sad portents were heard.

C

Gallia,

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Callia, with conquest flush'd; pronounc'd our doom,
 And England seem'd involv'd in horrid gloom.
 (As children, with a bugbear tale are scar'd,
 So we, of fleets, and troops, affrighted heard.)
 E'en like the sun, forth bursting from a cloud,
 (With lightning stor'd, and stormy tempest loud;)
 To glad the traveller in lonely ways,
 And shed around, his sweet, all-cheering blaze,
 Now Pitt arose, to glad our mournful Isle,
 Dispell'd the gloom, and made Britannia smile!
 The scandal of the Nation soon was raz'd,
 Th' insulting foe retir'd, transfix'd! amaz'd!
 Before his eloquence, fraud fled dismay'd,
 (Pale envy, on its rancrous vitals prey'd;)
 He plann'd the war; and practis'd martial schemes,
 And waken'd Lewis from his conqu'ring dreams!

Now, like a Lion, rousing from his den,
 (To meet the dogs, and animating men;)
 Who sees his cub, lie sprawling on the ground,
 Whom hungry dogs, most greedily surround:
 He shakes his mane, and from his wrathful eyes,
 Indignant fire, in dreadful glances flies:

Horrid

Horrid he roars ! and swings his mighty tail,
 For grand revenge, prepares both tooth and nail :
 Foaming, he views the lacerated spoil ;
 (Hunters, and dogs, and horses, back recoil !)
 So England rous'd, on fell revenge inclin'd,
 'Gainst Maloes, Cherburg, Louisbourg, design'd ;
 One fierce design, each Briton seems to fire ;
 All rush to arms, and burn with wrathful ire.
 Now, o'er the main, our fleets assert our right,
 Round Britain's standard, with a stern delight,
 Troops throng on troops, and with the rumor'd
 fight !

With free-born rage, all animated stand,
 At danger spurn, and dare the foe to land :
 Wives, children, laws, and liberty's sweet charms,
 With threefold ardour, ev'ry bosom warms !

• Now *Watson, Sayer, Barrington* arose,
 Roar'd in the storm, and crush'd Britannia's foes !
Clive, Marsh, and Mason, Draper, Keppel, Moore,
 To Africa, and India, veng'ance bore ;
 And with resistless fury, forc'd their way,
 Made nations bend, and own great *George's* sway :

Reliev'd Madras, repair'd its batter'd wall;
 Triumphant seiz'd on swarthy Senegal:
 Their cannon shook devoted hostile ground,
 And scatter'd death's, 'mongst faithless tribes around:
 They stood transfix'd! their vital blood ran cold!
 Whilst England's storms, o'er towns and ramparts
 roll'd!

Houses, and walls, from their foundations stray'd,
 And pil'd in sinoaking waste, o'erwhelm'd the
 blasted dead!

Granada now, St. Martin's, Guadaloup,
 Beneath Britannia's might, submissive stoop!
 Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore,
 Calcutta trembled, whilst *Clive's* Thunders roar!
 **Clive*! by whose might, Chandernagore* was raz'd.
 Before whom twice, the Nabob fled *amaz'd!
Clive! whose impetuous war, bore down his foes!
Clive! who made Nabobs *! Nabobs * cou'd
 depose!

This

***** Calcutta, and Chandernagore, were taken by Gen. *Clive*,
 the Nabob was twice defeated by him; and Jaffer Ali Cawn
 made Nabob. The people in that country, gave him a name,
 which in their language signifies, *The never to be conquer'd.*

This adds a lustre to great BRUNSWICK's throne,
His gen'ral† does, what conq'ring Rome has done.
Victorious oft, for battle greatly sam'd ;
By Africans, The never* to be conquer'd nam'd.
Tho' with more ships, by thousands better mann'd,
(Enough to make pale fear itself to stand ;)
Thrice fled D'Ache, when dreaded Pocock came,
'Midst English Tars, and sheets of British Flame !

Now English Worthies, on the Continent,
Made Indian-French, and Savages repent
Their cruel, black, infernal scalping rage,
Not daring with our free-born Troops t'engage ;
They fought in fear, or fled in soul disgrace,
As tim'rous deers, when angry Lions chace,

Not satiate so, on ampler veng'ance bent,
Against Cape-Breton, England's Fleet is sent.
Behold, they come ! off Louisbourg appear ;
Their coming strikes with an amazing fear !

C 3

Pale

† The Romans would often depose one King, and raise another ;
General Givé depos'd the Nabob, and rais'd another to that
dignity.

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* A

Pale tremor fills French forts, and troops, and towns,

And scalping crews, for angry Britain frowns:

And like Briareus*, with an hundred hands,

She seiz'd on African, and Indian Lands,

And pour'd around her brave victorious bands.

Onward they roll'd, like an o'erwhelming flood;

And delug'd gallic lands, in gallic blood.

The french invasion now, was fear'd no more,

Our Troops prepar'd to tread the gallic shore:

On ev'ry side, their angry blows they dealt,

St. Maloes first, their vengeful fury felt.

(The french flat bottom'd policy repaid,

Whilst Maloe's forts, were mightily dismay'd.)

There before Britain's Troops, by Marl'b'rough led,

On friendly ground, the tim'rous Frenchmen fled;

Whilst under covert of St Maloes wall,

Whole Fleets of Ships an easy conquest fall:

Six scores their number, (needless are their names,)

A prey, to Britain's dread voracious flames!

As

* A hundred handed giant, as the poets say.

As from on high, the tow'ring eagles ken
The serpent's brood, before the female's den ;
Downward they fouse, and seize the scaly prey,
In griping talons, safely born away.
(They mock the mother's hiss with gen'rous scorn,
Aloft, in air, the venom'd brood is born ;)
So *Howe*, and *Marlb'rough*, jointly sped their way,
And boldly seiz'd upon the gallic prey :
Greatly resolv'd, the neighb'ring Forts they dare,
Whilst hostile wealth evaporates in air.

AS daring *Louisbourg*, our Navy lay,
Stretch'd off, and on, upon the swelling sea ;
It pleas'd the hand of Heav'n to interpose,
And send on Britain's Fleet its stormy woes ;
'Cause *Louisbourg*, as yet, not ripe for fate,
Must be preserved to a longer date.
A heavy gale at first, the Fleet divides,
The rolling waves, dash'd hard against their sides ;
A tempest next, with fury uncontroll'd,
High o'er their decks, the surging billows roll'd.

The foaming Ocean, madly round 'em rag'd;
A hurricane, the British Fleet engag'd.
Each ship was now in danger to be lost,
The storm urg'd hard, upon the hostile coast;
Still grew more strong, and louder than before,
And forc'd our Fleet upon the gallic shore.
No longer now, they cou'd the fury brave
Of wind, and ev'ry pond'rous dashing wave;
Towards the shore, in grand confusion ride;
Born on the back of the tumultuous tide.
As vapours vanish in the spacious air,
The angry winds, the spreading Canvass tear;
Halliards, and Stays, give way, like burning tow;
Yards, Topmasts, Blocks, a pond'rous burden
grow;
With crashing noise, come tumbling down below!
Wave, after wave, rolls o'er the Quarter-deck,
Sweeps fore and aft, and threatens each Ship with
wreck:
Amid the waves they plunge! again they rise
On watry hills, and seem to greet the Skies.
High o'er the windward side, proud billows come,
To leeward roll, in froth, and briny foam.

Each

Each tumbling Ship, now fallies as she glides,
And in the Ocean dips her lofty sides.

Lan-yards, main shrouds, and chain-plates go to
wreck,

The lower masts, are shorten'd to the deck :
And from their breechings, heavy cannons break.

To stop the guns, hammocks, are quickly flung,
And now, the heavy unstay'd bolt-sprit's sprung.

A damp, now chills the boldest Sea-man's soul,
As they drive on, and in the tempest roll.

The danger now, seems greater than before,
For just a-lee, behold the gallic shore !

Captains, Lieutenants, Boatswains, vainly rave,
In vain, the hardy Tars, the tempest brave ;

The Ship's impell'd by each impetuous wave !

Amid the tempest, human speech is drown'd,

From stem, to stern, nought but confusion's found !

Whilst some, (perhaps) are floating on the sea,
Wash'd from the decks, or blown with yards away.

Anchors, are now the only hope that's found,

Yet oft they furrow up the faithless ground.

The Tilbury, no longer can sustain

The rough assault of the tempestuous main :

Her

Her cables parts, (whilst angry tempests roar,)
And like a horse unbridled, leaps on shore ;
There soon became, a dismal shatter'd wreck,
(The massy beams, and solid timbers break ;
Bolts, trunnels, staples, knees, and all give way,
The floating ruin spreads the surging sea :)
High o'er the ship, the foaming tempest laves,
And British Sea-men sink in wat'ry graves:
Powder design'd in Thunder to displode,
Sinks down, oppress'd, with an aquatic load,
Is now expended on the gallic shore,
In other noise, than when loud cannons roar.
Indulgent Heav'n at length, the storm appeas'd,
Of all their fears, the scatter'd Squadron eas'd :
The foaming surges wear a smoother form,
God nodded peace : and silent grew the storm.
Half wreck'd ! dismast'd ! in a dismal sort ;
Our fleet soon anchor'd in a friendly port ;
From whence to England, back again they plough,
And Britons mourn'd the stormy overthrow.

STILL

STILL, like a loaded thunder-cloud, from far,
Great-Britain growl'd revenge, and flaming
war.

England, stills ruminates, to Gallia's dread,
On veng'ance stern, and ruin widely spread.
Minorca's fall, for great reprisals cries ;
She views Cape-Breton with revengeful eyes.
At length, the with'd for spring once more appear'd,
And *Boscorwen*, the British Banners rear'd :
The glad'ning news, with pleasure fill'd each mind,
Great GEORGE, a second northern war design'd.
English, Hibernians, Scotchmen, now are shipt,
With all Accoutrements for War equipt ;
With brazen mortars whence the bombs are flung,
And congregating Fleets together throng :
The pond'rous batt'ring guns are put on board,
With barr'd, and round shot, Ships are largely stor'd:
With bombs, tents, horses, (fit to draw the car,) }
And all the Apparatus of the War ; }
With loads of spoty grain, to sling the bombs }
from far. }

Our Fleets refitted, o'er the billows ride ;
(The dread of France, and Britain's naval pride.)

Widely

Widely they spread, upon the swelling Sea,
 And thro' the western Ocean speed their way;
 The dreadful pomp, of threat'ning War display. }
 Heav'n smil'd th' assent, and back they ne'er return'd,
 Till Louisbourg, in flaming ruin mourn'd.
 Behold they come, with friendly Squadrons meet,
 Retard, and intercept the gallic Fleet:
 Boldly they stretch along the hostile coast,
 Not long, e'er *Lewis* mourns this Island lost.
 A Council's call'd, where measures they propose,
 Where best to land, where, most annoy the foes;
 Brave *Boscawen*, (like *Ithaca's* * sage King,)
 The Hinge, on whom, the grand design must swing,
 Wisely foresaw, (and ponder'd in his mind,)
 Unless our Troops, unanimous combin'd,
 The who'e design, might soon abortive prove,
 As that, where *Moab* †, *Seir* †, and *Ammon* † strove.

First

* *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, was a grecian King and Warrior, at the siege of *Troy*, and much renown'd for his sagacity, and skill in carrying on a warlike Scheme.

††† 'Tis said in Scripture, when the children of *Moab*, *Ammon*, and *Mount Seir*, came against *Israel*, a dissention arose among the Troops, they drew their swords, attack'd, and destroy'd one another; and by that means, defeated their own designs against the coasts of *Israel*.

First discontent, next martial anger burn'd,
Each drew his sword, against his Ally turn'd;
England too oft, the like mishap hath mourn'd! }

But *Boscarwen*, of large and gen'rous Soul;
So well projected, and contriv'd the whole,
That English, Scotchmen, and Hibernians bear
Of Fame, and Danger both, an equal share,
Now ail prepar'd, (the landing-place in view,)
For several days, a blust'ring tempest blew:
Which for that space, the bold attempt retards;
But Providence, the British Frigates guards;
For tho' they rode full near Cape-Breton's shore,
And gallic Cannon, with incessant roar,
And tho' brisk fire from mortars was maintain'd,
Small was the loss, or damage they sustain'd.

Again, the wind, and waters, ceas'd to rage,
And now, the Fleet, and Troops, prepare t'engage;
Now line of battle Ships approach the shore,
And nearer still, the lesser Frigates roar:
Against th' opposing 'foes, a dreadful bar;
Whilst transports quick, refund the living war:

Tumult!

Tumult ! and noise ! and slaughter ! soon ensu'd,
 And Men, and Boats, are dash'd upon the flood.
 Cannons incessant roar, and bullets rend,
 Down thro' the air, the countless bombs descend :
 And sulph'rous flames, and clouds of smoke arise,
 Whilst from French Guns, the leaden bullet flies.
 Mean while, our Frigates, Cannons, Mortars ply ;
 And bombs, and balls, in deadly volleys fly.
Amherst, and *Wolfe*, proceed, serene, sedate,
 As if themselves had turn'd the hinge of Fate :
 By them inspir'd, our Infantry soon grew
 With ardour warm, and to the battle flew :
 Bore all before 'em, like the swelling main,
 The Fench could not their mighty charge sustain.
 Expanding sheets of vapours cloud the day,
 Whilst boats to land (with speed,) pursue their way.
 See ! see ! the crimson blood, brave *Bailly*† stains ;
 The (glancing) leaden death, hath pierc'd his brains !
 The manly *Cuthbert*'s† merit well is known,
 Who fondly cry'd, my *Bailly* dear ! you're gone !
Oh !

†† Capt. *Bailly*, and Lieut. *Cuthbert*, belong'd to one company of
 Highlanders ; and were kill'd going on shore, one by a musket
 shot, and the other by a cannon ball,

Oh! sad! there stopp'd the amicable breath ;
 Brave *Cuthbert* felt the dashing iron death :
 The fatal bullet, through his Body came ;
 And drown'd in blood, the glowing friendly flame.

From Scottish Warriors, tears of anger flow ;
 Their bosoms glow'd with pond'rous martial
 woe ;

For *Cuthbert* oft, and *Bailly*, brav'd the foe.

Both, oft were seen in battles to engage ;
 Oft fac'd grim death, when cloath'd in gallic Rage.

Ill fated Warriors! thus to fall before
 Your luckless Boat, had reach'd the destin'd shore.

Oh ! that you'd liv'd to tread the hostile ground,
 And help'd to deal the glitt'ring veng'ance round.

Small cause shall Frenchmen have, your deaths to
 boast,

When once your Troops, shall firmly tread their
 coast ;

With angry Courage fir'd, and gen'rous Wrath,
 They'll glut the Grave, and satiate greedy death.

As when the thunder of the mighty Jove,
 Breaks from th' olympian battlements above ;

The

The loud Artillery, in a dreadful form,
 Comes rolling on, amid a pitchy storm ;
 The direful fragors, of th'Æthereal Store,
 Rattle aloft, with dread, terrific roar :
 Light'nings, and bolts, before the growl proceed,
 To strike the destin'd mark, with rapid fury speed.
 So under covert of sulphureous smoke,
 Which from the British Fleet in Thunder broke ;
 First flew the bolts, t'intimidate the Gauls,
 To dash the mud banks, or cemented walls.
 Next, Scotia's Troops to battle sally'd forth,
 And Louisbourg confess'd their northern worth ;
 From clouds of smoke they burst, like Light'ning's
 Blaze,
 And struck th' opposing foe with grand amaze !
 Few deaths they sent, of iron, or of lead,
 But o'er the hostile lines, they boldly tread ;
 And as they march, they death, and danger spread. }
 To closest fight, their Cohort quickly runs,
 And scorns to battle with the distant guns :
 They strike the blow, which stops the hostile breath,
 And load the foe, with storms of steely death !

See

See! where the Sons of Scotland force their way,
With Rangers join'd, in dreadful disarray !

Sustain'd by Infantry, array'd in order strong ;
Amberst, and *Wolfe*, who urg'd the landing war
along :

They fire, advance, and charge, and to the bat-
tle throng.

And Comet-like, their broad bright Swords appear,
Death's in their front, and terror in their rear !

Fierce to the fight, intrepid *Gorham* flies :

And all the terrors of the war defies.

Scott, and the Rangers, and the Scotchmen glow,

And speed towards the strong, entrenched foe.

(As fierce *Achilles*, (thunderbolt of war,)

Broke trojan ranks in his resistless carr ;

On rush'd his myrmidons, with Faulchions rear'd,

Of troops thick throng'd; the ground was quickly
clear'd.

So before *Wolfe*, and *Amberst*, Frenchmen fled,

(Their troops advancing, struck a mortal dread ;)

The tim'rous living, stumbled o'er the dead !)

From flank, to flank, the glitt'ring danger shines,

And war's dread havoc, marks their spreading lines:

D

They

Tho' thousands there, (entrench'd,) the Beach command ;

And guns, and mortars, throng'd the hostile strand :

Headed by *Wolfe*, they plunge into the flood,

And wade to *Louisbourg*, thro' gallic Blood.

With circumspection now, the ground's survey'd,

From whence Artilleries may best be play'd ;

And heavy batt'ring guns are dragg'd around,

Advancing Engineers work under ground :

Large, and small Batt'ries, (cover'd from the sight,)

Are plann'd, and form'd, midst silence of the night.

The platforms next, (with utmost speed) they form,

From whence to roll Great-Britain's Thunder storm ;

Incentive match, and bombs, are thither brought,

And Magazines, with dormant Thunder fraught ;

Till wak'd by Fire, then dashing bolts are thrown,

To raze the walls of thick cemented stone :

Mortars are plac'd, from whose infernal wombs,

Ejecting Powder, sends the murd'ring Bombs.

Now ev'ry thing, against the hour prepar'd,

The masks are dropp'd, the British greeting's heard:

Towards the Ramparts, Infantries advance,
 Defiance thunders from the Forts of France :
 The loud explosion rages more and more,
 Deep throated guns, and brazen mortars roar :
 In undulating air, long hangs the sound,
 And flame, and sulph'rous vapours spread around.
 As from Mount Etna, and Vesuvius rise,
 Thunders, and flames, whilst vapours cloud the
 skies :

Like these Vulcanoes, in convulsive rage,
 The British Troops, and gallic Forts engage.
 Advancing Corps of Infantries gain ground,
 The cohort, fascine batt'ries play around,
Wolfe, well deserves his dread voracious Name,
 Spreads ruin round, or wide devouring flame !
 Around the Town He roams, conceal'd in night ;
 Intent on gallic Prey, maintains the fight :
 The silenc'd light-house Batt'ry, owns his might.
 Soon grows more dreadful than it was before ;
 Inspir'd by *Wolfe*, and British Troops to roar.
Wolfe, on the island Fort, his Battle pours ;
 Incessant, sends, his thund'ring, iron show'rs ;

Whilst

Whilst *Amherst*, on the town, and grand Fort plays;
 (On gallic Troops, desponding terrors seize!)
 Against the island Fort, *Wolfe's* bosom burns;
 His rapid Storm, their Thunder overturns:
 Dash'd by his balls, obstructing Ramparts drop;
 They even plough the deep foundations up.
 Before his battle, adverse strength is born:
 Riv'd muzzles are from batter'd breeches torn.
 His fierce assault, the hostile Platform feels,
 Bestrew'd with useless guns, and broken wheels.
 The mould'ring breaches, wide, and wider spread;
 (Rammers, and sponges, lie among the dead :)
 Descending bombs, most dreadfully displode;
 With ruin'd walls, the shiver'd platforms load:
 The Fort's Descendants, now for shelter fly,
 For undistinguish'd, lo, the Ramparts lie:
 Subverted guns, with wheels aloft display'd,
 Among the piles of rubbish, too are laid;
 And dreadful devastation widely spread!
 Disploded shells, and shot, together throng;
 And mortars, from their brazen bases flung.
 A prospect odd, of iron, brass, and lead:
 Of stones, and mangled Bodies of the dead.

Fathers, to future Sons, shall this report ;
So, fought brave *Wolfe*; so look'd the island Fort.

By *Hardy*, and brave *Boscawen*, inspir'd,
See! British Tars, to deeds of wonder fir'd!
They leave their lofty ships upon the sea ;
Destin'd for *Louisbourg*, they speed their way,
As hungry Wolves, will nightly roam for prey. }
Balfour, * and *Laforney* ; two fearless Tars,
With mighty souls, (well form'd for naval Wars ;) }
Thro' nameless terrors, unconcern'd they row,
And in tremendous shade attack the foe.
No whit dismay'd, thro' dangers on they came :
'Midst gloom, and shot, and shells, and sulph'rous
flame :
Towards the gallic thunder storms they bend ; }
With speed alert, their lofty sides ascend ; }
And from the Engineers, the dashing bolts they
rend. }

Descending

- * The Captains, *Laforney*, and *Balfour*, commanded the Boats which burnt one *Man of War*, and tow'd the other out of the Harbour of *Louisbourg*, in spite of all the Fire from the Batteries.

Descending Frenchmen, soon their quarters leave,
 The Cutlafs, and the naval Pole-ax, cleave;
 Not one survives, to wail the hundreds dead;
 But carnage great, and total death is spread.
 Prudent, in British flame, most fiercely glow'd:
 But Bienfaicant, they from the harbour tow'd.
 So hungry Wolves, attack the tim'rous Sheep,
 In lonely cots, and o'er the fences leap;
 Eager they seize, upon the fleecy Prey;
 Tear! kill! and drag, whate'er they please away.

Against their Fleet, *Wolfe* ardent Balls ejects,
 Or drops his bombs, upon their open decks:
 They sink, or vanish, in a sulph'rous blaze;
 And with new horrors Louisbourg amaze.
 As from the bellowing Engine of the Skies,
 The Thunderbolt, and riving Light'ning flies;
 They rend the knotty oaks, and tear the ground,
 And spread a desolating Ruin round:
 So *Wolfe*, and *Amherst*, emulous advance,
 To waste the Troops, and raze the Forts of France!

Amherst, sends various deaths among the foe ;
The Troops, and Tars, with gen'rous courage
glow ;
The Town, and grand Fort, little respite know. }
See! *Wolfe*, inspires, and spurs his martial pow'rs ;
With roar destructive, *Louisbourg* devours.
Wolfe, prowls by night, with caution to survey,
How batt'ring Guns, and British Mortars play ;
Oft looks on *Louisbourg*, with threat'ning frown,
And show'rs his shot, and shells, upon the Town.
Amherst, and *Wolfe*, full forty days assail
The Town, and Forts, resolved to prevail.
As oft are known, the Meteors of the Sky,
With burning tails, descending from on high,
To dash thro' houses, with amazing force,
And rive, and kill, in their impetuous course :
As they displode, with dreadful thund'ring sound,
And tear, and furrow up, the neighb'ring ground ;
Their tow'ring bombs, descending from on high,
With dread commission, to the town they fly ;
The crashing roofs give way ; they dash to ground ;
Displode, and scatter dust, and deaths around ;
Spread

Spread devastation wide, through all the place ;
And lofty Domes, to deep foundations raze :
So flaming Louifbourg, their fury feels ;
From English Bombs, proceed those various ills.

Men, Women, Children, welter in their gore ;
Shrieks, Groans, and Flames, Mortars, and Can-
nons roar,

With dread Confusion, fill the gallic Shore !

Drucour, no longer, can the fight maintain ;
Tho' greatly brave ; yet here, his brav'ry's vain ;
Tho' wond'rous strong the place, it cannot shield
His Troops from death ; behold, the Ramparts yield ;
For *Wolfe*, and *Amherst*, with a thund'ring frown,
Shake the grand Fort, and fire the neighb'ring
Town.

Aloft, great *GEORGE*'s Banners were uprear'd ;
Brave *Boscawen*, into the Harbour steer'd.

The dreadful Scene is chang'd, they hear no
more,

The dying groans, nor Guns, nor Mortars roar,
And slaughter, ceases, on the gallic shore.

The British Cannon roar'd, in harmless sort,
When Louifbourg became a friendly Port.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, hear my Pray'r; preserve it as our own;
Till gallic Foes, our faithful Friends are grown.

A M E N.

WHEN *Nestor*, (sagely,) on the phrygian shore,
Advis'd some * spies, shou'd *Hector's* camp
explore,

The sage *Ulysses*, and fierce *Diomed*,
Thro' trojan guards, and gloom, and dangers sped.
Amberst, and *Wolfe*, like these, were wisely chose,
For foreign War, against perfidious Foes.

Wisdom,

* Upon the refusal of *Achilles*, to return to the army, (which he had deserted, on account of the quarrel between him, and *Agamemnon*, who with his troops had laid siege to Troy; but was now by the irresistible prowess of *Hector*, beaten back to his ships, and entrenchments.) A council of war was call'd by night, for the public safety, and *Nestor* questions, if none will go to hazard his life to save his country, strive to seize some straggling foe, or penetrate so far into their camp, as to hear their counsels, and designs, mentions the glory of the deed, and what gifts! and praises! his grateful country wou'd bestow! *Diomed*, undertook this hazardous enterprize! and made choice of *Ulysses* for his companion. In their passage, they surprize *Dolon* (whom *Hector* had sent on a like design, to the camp of the Grecians.) From him they are inform'd of the situation of the trojan, and auxiliary forces, and particularly of *Rhesus*, and the Thracians, who were lately arriv'd. They pass on with success; kill *Rhesus*, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp. The whole story may be read in the 10th Book of *Homer's Iliad*.

Wisdom, and Valour, with united force ;
 Conduct the Grecians, thro' their nightly course.
 If skill mature, the great Design shou'd ask ;
 Who fitter than *Ulysses* for the Task ?
 Shou'd Giant Danger stride a-cross the path,
*Tydidēs** fierce ! was full of martial wrath ;
 With mighty strength, his pond'rous Spear he drove,
 And scarce † retreated from the thund'ring Jove !
Amberst, in council, was rely'd upon :
Wolfe, had the spirit of *Tydeus's* Son.
 Both oft had charg'd, amidst the sulph'rous roar
 Of deep mouth'd Guns, and thousands in their gore :
 Both oft well try'd, to fierce Encounters drew,
 Where iron Deaths, and leaden Dangers flew.

BRUNSWICK,

* *Tydidēs*, is *Diomed*, being the son of *Tydeus* ; and is sometimes in the *Iliad*, call'd *Diomed*. *Tydidēs*. *Tydeus's* son.

† In the 8th book of *Homer's Iliad*. we have *Diomed*, advancing fiercely to *Nestor's* rescue, and to battle with *Hector*, who came thund'ring through the war, and was driving full upon the *Pylan* Sage. *Homer* makes *Jupiter* oppose *Diomed*, in these words,

But Jove with awful sound ;
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound.
 Full in *Tydidēs's* face, the light'ning flew ;
 The ground before him, flam'd with sulphur blue.

After which, he describes him retreating with great reluctance, from *Hector's* overwhelming battle ; tho' deserted by the Grecians, advis'd to flee by *Nestor*, and oppos'd by a storm of thunder, and lightning, from *Jupiter*, himself.

BRUNSWICK, and *Pitt*, on these, securely lean'd,
 England, in hope, by these, was well sustain'd.
 So *Memnon*, *Nestor*, fix'd their hopes upon
 Bold *Diomed*, and sage *Laertes** Son.

Thro' dardan Ranks, victorious, both had strode;
 Their Grecian Spears, drank, deep of hostile blood.
 Amidst the fiercest shocks both oft were try'd;
 Whilst brains, and gore, their biting faulchions dy'd.
 Swords, jav'lins, darts, and spears, (in well fought
 fields,)

In batt'ring storms, had rattled on their Shields.
 With warlike spoils, their Labours oft were crown'd;
 For Wisdom great, and Valour, much renew'd.
 They seiz'd on *Dolon*†, (struck with wild dismay:)
 First slew the Spy, then sped where *Rhesus* lay:
 Doom'd with his Guards, no more to see the light;
 Their eyes seal'd up, in everlasting night.

Back to their Friends, the Heroes safe return'd:
 The trojan Camp, the nightly visit mourn'd.
 Both plann'd, both fought, as dread occasion needs;
 And both their Souls, were form'd for mighty deeds.

Amberst,

* *Ulysses*, who is in the *Iliad*, sometimes call'd sage *Ulysses*, wife
Ulysses, *Laertes*' son, and sometimes *Ithacus*.

† The spy sent by *Hector*, to explore the Grecian Camp. Vid.
 10th book of *Homers Iliad*.

Amherst, and *Wolfe*, like these, in war renown'd;
 Return'd from *Louisbourg*, with conquest crown'd.
 The toils of war, each disposition suits;
 And either plans, and either executes.
 The Grecian Heroes, their nocturnal course
 Held jointly on, with great united force.
 Whilst *Diomed*, the guards of *Rhesus* slew,
 Wife *Ithacus**, the bodies backward drew.
 (Fearing the mettled steeds might scorn the rein;
 Unus'd to carnage, and the sanguin'd plain.)
 Whilst *Amherst* thunder'd on the frighten'd town;
Wolfe's battle shook the island Batt'ry down.
 Wise were the Grecian Chiefs, nor wont to fear:
 Sagacious, brave, the British Heroes were.

- *Ulysses*, who is often call'd *Ithacus*; from his country; He, being King of *Ithaca*.

End of BOOK I.



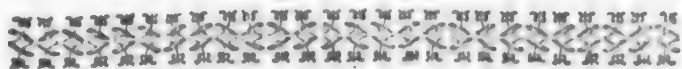
THE



THE
A R G U M E N T.

THE descent at Cherburg. *Blowing up the Bason. Goree attack'd by the Honourable Augustus Keppel: and surrender'd to Him. Admiral Rodney's bombardment of Havre de Grace; and burning the flatbottom boats; with an address to Great-Britain. Boscawen's sailing, and chasing De Clue. The Engagement. De Clue, and part of his Squadron driven on shore! with the pannic they were in, on seeing the Spanish Fleet, and supposing them to be an English Fleet.*





W A R :

BOOK II.

XXXXREAT GEORGE's GRANDSON, lands on
 XXG gallia's shore :

XXXX His batt'ring guns, and royal mortars roar :

Close ply'd, well aim'd, are bombs, and dashing balls ;

Before the princely Hero, Cherburg falls :

Low as the dust, strong Ramparts, down are thrown :

Aloft, in air, the costly Bason's blown.

How smil'd our good old KING ! how trembled
 Gaul !

Whilst EDWARD's cannon, raz'd proud Cherburg's
 wall !

Paternal doubts, and ardent wishes rise,

Whilst tears of transport, sparkled in his eyes.

Grandly exulting, more than KING He stood !

Whilst EDWARD fought, confessing BRUNSWICK's
 blood !

So stands, the royal Hunter, to survey

His Cubs, who grapple with a stubborn prey :

He

He swings his tail, exulting at the sight ;
 And trembling, longs to mingle in the fight :
 With love paternal fir'd, and ardent rage ;
 He sees the Lions, as the Cubs engage :
 At length, the vanquish'd foe, is drown'd in blood,
 He shakes his mane, and roars applauses loud.

AS if Vesuvius uprooted torn ;
 Against Goree, to battle had been born ;
 Brave *Keppel* in the Torbay, fierce assail'd
 Fort, after Fort, and mightily prevail'd.
 Whilst Fate, in triumph, in each broadside rode,
Keppel, for warlike fame, and vict'ry glow'd:
 Shot, after shot, bomb, after bomb, he sent ;
 Silenc'd their guns, platforms, and ramparts rent :
 The Gauls grew cool, as warm the Britons grew ;
 And greatly emulous, to battle flew ;
 They ceas'd their fire, and pull'd their Ensign down,
 And gave our Troops possession of the Town.

SEE ! *Rodney*, next, th' invasive project marr :
 Subvert French schemes, and their flat bot-
 tom'd war :
 Britannia's Fleet, at Havre, threats the shore ;
 And brazen mortars, in bombardment roar :

From

From iron Vehicles, the veng'ance broke ;
And all their plans, evaporate in smoke !

Britain ! let loose thy rough, undaunted Tars ;
And smile applause, on all thy Sons of Mars ;
Let no cabals, thy Patriots aims frustrate,
Nor civil discontent, disturb the State ;
Then under Providence, we may expect
A lasting Peace, the pride of Gallia check'd.

NOW *Hawke*, and *Boscawen*, with terrors ride
A-croſs the main, to curb the gallic pride :
And in Lagos, and Quiberon's ſam'd Bay,
Our gallant Tars, their naval worth diſplay ;
Attack, and ſtrike the Fleets of Gaul, with dread
diſmay.

Boscawen, firſt, engages with the foe ;
And gains new laurels from his overthrow.
Frighted before, at Spaniards * in the Bay ;
They tack'd, confus'd, and ſtood again at ſea.
Chimeras fill'd their minds, black fear prevails ;
And ev'ry cloud, was England's ſwelling Sails :
So tim'rous ſouls, (dreading nocturnal ſhade,)
A ſimilar miſtake, have often made.

E

A

- The French fleet, ſeeing the Spaniſh fleet in the bay, (as they were going into the harbour,) tack'd and ſtood off again at ſea : by which means, they met the (ſo much dreaded) Engliſh fleet, which they ſo vainly endeavour'd to ſhun.

A sudden glance, a-cross a glittering pool,
'Twas light'ning flash'd, and shou'd some growling
Bull,

Bellow terrific, 'bro' th' adjacent plains,
Some fiend infernal roar'd, and shook his chains :
From non-existing ills, they strive t' escape,
Stumble on nought ! and into ditches leap !

So Frenchmen now, substantial dangers meet,
Shunning the shadow of an English Fleet.

Our fleet, no sooner to their view appear'd,

False signals made, and Britain's Ensigns rear'd.

Thro' all their ships, the wonted fears prevail ;

'They dropp'd their courfers, and set ev'ry sail.

Now glow'd our Tars, and thro' the foaming sea,

'They chac'd *De Clue*, and long'd to seize their prey.

As thro' the concave of the gloomy Sky,

(On wings of winds upborn, on which they fly ;)

Black clouds, chace clouds, in dread tremendous
form ;

Pregnant with light'ning, hail, and thunder storm ;

So Gallia's flying Ships, and our pursuing Fleet,

Glide on in flaming gloom, and in loud Thunder
greet,

Yard-arm,

Yard arm, and yard-arm now, and side, to side,
 Pikes, pistols, guns, with brisk dispatch are ply'd.
 From ship, to ship, grapples, and chains are thrown;
 Pole-axes grasp'd, and cutlasses are drawn:
 With inborn glow, our Tars prepare t' assail,
 Resolv'd they board, and uncontroll'd prevail.
 Brave *Boscawen* bears down, with gen'rous rage;
 And tho' dismasted, dares *De Clue* t' engage.
 So fierce they fought! so many broadsides fir'd!
 The brass* relented, and the guns grew tir'd!
De Clue now fled, (with thousands) hid in smoke,
 Which from the British Fleet, with veng'ance broke;
 And left their Ships, at random on the sea,
 To rocks, and flames, and English Tars a prey.
 To shun *Boscawen's* rage, and horrid roar,
 The gallic Ocean † tumbled on the shore.

* If I am not much mistaken, I heard, that the muzzles of some
 of the Ocean's brass guns bent downward; the metal being
 molify'd by excessive heat of the oft repeated discharges.

† The Ship *De Clue* commanded,

End of BOOK II.



THE
A R G U M E N T.

GREAT-BRITAIN's preparation of her Fleet, and Troops, against Quebec, under Admiral Saunders, and Admiral Holmes; and the Generals, Wolfe, Monckton, and Townshend. The panic in France! and at Quebec! as the consequence thereof. The Fleet sailing; their arrival in the river of Quebec. The formidable appearance, and resolution, of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Provincials; when they remember'd Zell, and the scalping butchery of the French, Canadians, and Indians. The Fleet proceeding up the Gulf, and the English Wolfe landing against the Enemy. His intrepidity, and the execution of his attacks. Fireships sent down, several times by the French, upon the stream, to burn our Fleet; but by the vigilance of Admiral Saunders, Holmes, and other resolved Commanders; join'd with the indefatigable resolution, and activity of our bold, and hardy Tars; they are baffled in all their schemes, and the fireships, and firefloats, do no damage to the English Fleet. The vexation of the French thereon; and the war carried to their walls. The united battery of

of General Wolfe, on Point Levi: Admiral Saunders, below the Town, and Admiral Holmes, above the Town.

General Wolfe, represented as in suspense, on Point Levi; on account of the small number of Forces he had with him, and on viewing Montcalm's camp with near double the number; and observing the stupendous height, and stability of the Town, and Garrison of Quebec; compared to Babylon's, (as was thought impregnable) Ramparts, for the Town stood upon a lofty rock, and well defended by trench, on trench, and impassable works, and avenues: rising dreadfully to view! one above another. General Wolfe's intrepid resolves, to attack Monsieur Montcalm's Entrenchments. The dangerous landing; fight, and retreat. The undaunted behaviour of Captain Ochterlony, (a Scotch Gentleman,) and Lieut. Peyton, (an Irish Gentleman;) both of one company of Royal-American Grenadiers; left wounded on the field of battle. Their refusal to be carried off. Two Indians, and a Frenchman, attack Capt. Ochterlony, Mr. Peyton, (after a long struggle,) kills the Indians, and is rescu'd from about thirty more, by three Highlanders, detached by Capt. M'Donald of Fraser's Battalion. General Wolfe is vex'd at his repulse, and

sickens thro' care and watching. The united efforts of the Soldiers, and Seamen, to reduce the Place. The battery against, and from the Town, and all the terrors! carnage! and tumult of the siege describ'd! the terror of the French, Canadians, and Indians, on account of their cruelty, and treachery!

General Amherst, Townshend, Johnson, Howe, deaux, Rogers, Forbes, Schomberg, and their Transactions on the Continent mention'd, by way of episode; who reduc'd Ticonderoga, Crown-Point, and Niagara; with some other services perform'd by them. The siege of Quebec reassum'd. The day of battle describ'd before the Town. The difficulty our Troops met in ascending the hill and their resolution. The summit of the hill gain'd. The armies meeting. A short essay on the Generals. The Fight begun. General Wolfe's wrist broken by a ball. His intrapidity and desire for battle. General Wolfe wounded a second time; but dissembles the hurt. Wounded a third time, mortally! drops, and is carried out of the battle. The manner of his death! and how it was receiv'd at home. His Mother's grief, and England's in general. The generosity of the common people, at the time of rejoicing and illumination. A short address to his Mother. The grief

grief of the Soldiers in the battle for him. Their generous Rage! impetuous! and overwhelming united attack of the Enemy! Col. Howe's Station in the Field.

A description of the Anstruthers, and Scots, with their broad swords, and the rest of the Troops, with their bayonets fix'd; piercing thro', hewing down whole lanes of carnage! and rolling the gallic Squadrons before them, in confusion! General Monckton wounded: his behaviour, and a short parallel between him, and General Townshend.

General Townshend takes the command. His intrepidity; like Achilles, leading on his Myrmidons to battle, to revenge the death of his dear Patroclus! the wounded Ulysses! Diomed! &c. &c. &c. The general rout, and slaughter of Montcalm, and his Troops. Bougainville's corps appears, just as the rout began: but is soon likewise routed by General Townshend, and our animated Troops, and sent full speed, to join the rest in their retreat.

The chase continu'd to the town of Quebec: our Troops mixing with, running down, and taking the Frenchmen prisoners at will, with the surrender of the Town, and Garrison, to General Townshend.





W A R :

B O O K I I I .

HERBURG, Du Quesne, Gorce, and
 C Senegal;

Victims, to Britain's fierce resentment fall.

Strong Louisbourg, and Guadaloup flung down,

Great-Britain's arms, with glorious conquest crown.

French captiv'd fleets, (new mann'd,) protect our
 coast ;

Lewis no cause has got, whereof to boast ;

Nor Royal GEORGE to grieve, that he Minorca
 lost.

How satiate now, Great-Britain might sit down :

But BRUNSWICK, still puts on a threat'ning frown.

By Pitt, (resolv'd to awe the wond'ring world,)

Against Quebec, the English Thunder's hurl'd ;

With mischief sure, the Bolts destructive fly ;

Guided by Him, who thunders from the Sky,

-From

From Pole, to Pole, great Albion's terror's known ; }
 She roars in Thunder! and her pow'r they own, }
 Amid the frigid, and the torrid Zone ! }

Winter elaps'd, the welcome spring appears ;
Saunders, aloft, the British Ensign rears.
 English, Hibernians, Scotchmen, all combine ; }
 With one consent, (resolv'd,) united join, }
 T' imbark, and boldly urge the grand design. }

Commission'd now, brave Adm'ral *Saunders* sails,
 At Paris, sad foreboding fear prevails :
 The coast of France, a pannic dread alarms ;
 Britannia's Sons, are rous'd again to arms !
 As when a flock of Swans, have ken'd on high,
 A dreaded Eagle, fousing from the Sky ;
 They flutter, scream, and gather closely round,
 And wish a place of safety could be found ;
 Till down he comes, upon the pinion'd prey ;
 Scatters, and tears, and bears a Swan away.
 When *Saunders* sail'd, in France such moan was
 heard,

But Quebec, chiefly, his approaches fear'd ;
 There

There Albion's Thunders, with destructive roar ;
 Quebec, (well mann'd,) from *Lewis*, reeking tore :
 And laid Canadians, weltring in their gore.
 So oft, before, have England's Adm'als hurl'd,
 Great *GEORGE*'s flame, and terror, thro' the world !

Wide o'er the deep, through storms, and blust'ring
 gales,

Safe to America, our Squadron fails.

Provincials arm'd, against Quebec t'engage,

Welcome the Fleet ; and burn with new born Rage.

Provincials, English, Scotch, Hibernians bold,

Frown, formidably, dreadful to behold !

Within their minds, Canadian Butch'ries rise,

Each cruel plan, the treach'rous Gauls devise :

Gloomy they low'r, like pond'rous show'rs when
 born,

Towards a field, of yellow standing corn :

Till down a deluge comes, with rattling sound,

And beats the plenteous harvest to the ground ;

So Britain's Troops, when they remember'd Zell,*

And scalping knives, frown'd with resentment fell,

With

* The place in Germany, where Monsieur *Richlieu*, burnt the
 Orphan-House, and four hundred Orphans in it.

With gen'rous rage! they beat Quebec to ground!
And recompence most just, the base Canadians
found.

Sundlers proceeds, up thro' St. Laurence gulf;
On shore descended Britain's fearless *Wolfe*:
And with an (eager,) martial transport flew,
Upon the black, Canadian, scalping crew!
Yet warm from Louisbourg, and blood of Gaul;
He long'd to see the savage scalpers fall.
Keen threat'ning fires, He shot from wrathful eyes,
Whilst from his brazen engines, veng'ance flies.
His manly bosom burn'd, with freeborn flame;
To spread the terror of his Sov'reign's Name.
He burst like Fate, against the Indian Foe;
And whelm'd them in the gallic overthrow.
To vex the foe, (whom num'rous forts immure,)
And Britain's Fleet from danger to secure,
Levi at first, and Orleans they possess'd;
And to the batt'ring siege, themselves address'd.

Large,

Large, and small fascine batt'ries, soon are plann'd,
 And guns, and murd'ring mortars quickly mann'd.
 The shells, and shot, and black displyding grain,
 Are sent to *Wolfe*, nor are they sent in vain;
 He deals destruction thro' the hostile plain!

Whilst *Wolfe*, and *Saunders*, 'gainst Quebec combine,
 The French (alarm'd,) had plann'd a dire design,
 To execute a dreadful fiery * doom;
 And in relentless blaze, the Fleet consume.
 As *Etna* oft, with sulph'rous flame, and noise,
 Subjacent Towns, and Cities, quick destroys;
 Whene'er inrag'd, the mountain overflows,
 And from its womb, th' infernal mixture throws:
 So from Quebec, (adrift,) the gallic Flame;
 Down thro' the Gulf, against brave *Saunders* came.

Toward

- * Whilst Gen. *Wolfe*, and Admiral *Saunders*, were uniting their utmost efforts, to batter, destroy, and take the town: or bring *Monf. De Montcalm*, (an able, fortunate, and brave commander) to battle: the French several times sent down from the town, on the rapid stream, fireships, and boats full of combustibles, to destroy our shipping, which almost wholly fill'd the channel. But by the extraordinary skill, and vigilance of Admiral *Saunders*; the bravery, and intrepidity of his Officers, and sailors, every vessel of this kind sent against them, was tow'd ashore, without doing the least mischief.

Toward the British Fleet, the terrors ride,
 In awful manner, on the rapid tide ;
 The blazing deaths, a little Fleet appear ?
 (Enough to strike the boldest soul with fear !)
 As if th' infernal coast, (itself,) was drawing near !)
Saunders aware, descry'd 'em from afar,
 And soon prepar'd to meet the flaming war.
 Great-Britain's Tars, toward the danger speed ;
 And prov'd they were, true Englishmen indeed.
 (For as the Grecians gather'd from a far,
 When *Hector* urg'd along the flaming war,
 Round Ajax throng'd, his near approach to greet,
 To sell their Lives, and save the Grecian Fleet.
 (Begirt with Trojans*, on the Hero came ;
 And high uplifted, bore, the phrygian Flame.)

Resolv'd

- The whole story, of the battle near the ship of the dead Pro-
 teuslaus ; the compact body, and immoveable resolution of the
 Grecian Phalanx, around the two Ajaces, and several other
 commanders, opposing the desperate, and formidable onset of
Hector ; (exulting in his having pass'd the wall, which guarded
 the ships, and the Grecian camp ;) begirt with the fiercest, and
 prime warriors of his Army, and the numerous bands of the
 then triumphant Trojans, rushing furiously on after, (like a de-
 luge,) with the fiery war : the Grecians struggles to repulse the
 Trojans, and save the Fleet ; and the Trojans efforts, to rush
 on, and burn the Fleet, with the scale of battle turn'd by the
 approach of *Patroclus*, in *Achilles's* Armour, and Chariot, with
Hector's retreat, the Grecian Navy sav'd from *Hector's* flame,
 the Trojan rout, and carnage, which ensu'd ; may be read in
 the fifteenth, and sixteenth Books of *Homer's* Iliad.

Resolv'd they fix'd, nor ever once gave ground,
 Till *Hector's* Flame, in Trojan Blood was drown'd.
 So English Sailors, glow'd with fierce desires,
 Resolv'd to quell, those num'rous floating fires.)
 Boats, throng on boats, as near the fireships drew;
 Clapp'd close on board, and chains, and grapples threw:
 With busy, anxious minds, they boldly wrought;
 And Gallia's burning scheme, reduc'd to nought.
 Canadians, Gauls, (frustrated,) all in vain,
 Gnashing their teeth, to senseless walls complain,
 Just as a hungry Wolf, but slowly flies,
 Whilst Dogs, and Shepherds, follow with their cries,
 Grinning, oft turns, with fear, and fierce disdain,
 Reluctant runs, and quits the bleating plain,
 His savage fierceness, scarcely can with-hold,
 So grinn'd Quebec, by Providence controul'd:
 So fled their Tars, when our brave Tars appear'd;
 They heard their shouts, their boist'rous greeting
 fear'd.

Tho' sev'ral Ships, with fires infernal glow'd,
 From larboard, starboard, clear, each flame was
 tow'd;
 Whilst BRUNSWICK'S Ships, at anchor safely rode.

Britain

Britain exult ! let wond'ring Nations hear,
 Thy freeborn Tars, mock at the name of fear !
 Far from their hearts, despondency they chace ;
 And boldly stare destruction in the face !
 Fear not my Lads, says ev'ry British Tar,
 Whilst plunging 'midst the thunder of the War.
 Thus oft, the French sent down their horrid fires,
 As oft, our Sailors glow'd with fierce desires,
 To grapple with the flaming sulph'rous war !
 T'oppose their boats! and all their schemes to mar !
 Where flame, and death, and war, tumult'ous rage!
 There shout the British Tars! and with delight en-
 gage !

As Grecians sav'd their Fleet, from Trojan flame,
 And 'gainst strong Troy, with burning Veng'ance
 came,
Saunders, and *Wolfe*, and *Holmes*, repay'd the Gauls ;
 And brought Great-Britain's Thunder to their
 walls.

From Levi's Point, *Wolfe's* rapid storm came down!
Saunders, below, and *Holmes* above the Town,
 (Intent

(Intent on war, in fulminating sort,) ·
 Eject their Bolts, to raze the gallic Fort.
 From ships, and batt'ries, (with destruction stor'd,)
 In triple concert, England's veng'ance roar'd.

On Levi's Point, *Wolfe* ruminating stood ;
 Thence *Montcalm's* camp, and strong Quebec He
 view'd.

Quebec, whose base, was on a lofty rock ;
 Dispos'd to stand, amidst the fiercest shock :
 Tho' English Fleets, the garrison surround,
 And English Forces, throng th' adjacent ground ;
 Like those, on Babylon's stupendous wall *
 Who fear'd no foes, tho' Heav'n should threat the fall ;
 By art, and nature, form'd for strong defence,
 With proud disdain, the French look'd down from
 thence.

On glorious death, or well earn'd conquest bent :
Wolfe, with his Troops, to Montmorenci † went :
 Attack'd

* The people of Babylon, when the city was besieg'd, look'd down with a fearless disdain, on the troops which beleaguerr'd the walls, and trusted to their stupendous height, and strength. So Quebec, both by art, and nature, was most strongly fortify'd, and render'd capable of an obstinate defence.

† The place, near where *Montcalm* was entrench'd.

Attack'd the trenches, brav'd the num'rous foe,
Who sculk'd behind their banks, and fear'd an
overthrow!

The time decisive now, came on to storm,
And death put on, a fierce, tremendous form!
His vanguard, were the terrors of the night;
Wolfe, Monckton, Townshend, whetted for the fight;
English, Hibernians, Caledonians, arm'd
With native rage, for dang'rous battle warm'd:
Provincials too, with emulation came;
And march'd intrepid, to the field of fame.
The British Tars, as strong reserves await;
To join the chace, or favour the retreat,
Invirion'd thus, midst terrors on He came!
With Britain's Thunderbolts, and sulph'rous flame!

Now near the shore, th' assailing forces drew,
And leaden deaths, (like hail,) in volleys flew.
English, Canadians, French, drop all around,
Guns, Men, and Blood, bestrew the slipp'ry ground.
French deep mouth'd guns, disgorge their mur-
d'ring glut;
From front to rear, wide lanes of carnage cut:
F Descending

Join'd by a Gaul, towards the Warriors drew ;
 And acted like a plund'ring * highway crew ;
 Now *Ochterlony* rose, from off the ground :
 (Tho' pain'd, and bleeding, from a mortal † wound !)
 Within his reach, no friendly weapon saw,
 Wherewith to deal, the caledonian Blow ;
 Else, doubtless, all, his mighty Blows had felt,
 And fall'n beneath the Strokes, his Rage had dealt :
 As dying Lions, wide Destruction spread ;
 Crush dogs, and men, and sink, together dead.
 A pond'rous blow, design'd to dash his head,
 An ill aim'd firelock, on his shoulder ‡, laid :
 Another, full of savage, (gallic) wrath,
 Pour'd in his breast, a load † of leaden death :
 A third effort, the butch'ring Savage made ;
 And thro' his belly, plung'd his scalping † blade.

- Most

* They took Mr. *Peyton's* lac'd hat from him, and robb'd Capt. *Ochterlony* of his watch, and money, and then one of the Indians attempted to knock his brains out, with his firelock, and the other discharg'd into his body, and stabb'd him with his scalping knife.

† He was shot thro' the lungs, with a musket ball : wore no sword in the action, and was oblig'd to drop his fusée, long before ; so that now, he was quite unarm'd.

‡‡ One of the Indians, attempted to knock him on the head, miss'd the blow, and laid it on his shoulder ; the other discharg'd into his breast, and stabb'd him in the belly with his scalping knife. He still stood, and call'd to Mr. *Peyton*, O *Peyton* ! the villain has shot me !

Most fiercely kneeling*, midst his murd'ring foes,
His naked hands, still parry'd off their blows;
He call'd to wounded *Peyton*, deeply pain'd;
And of their outrage, to his Friend complain'd†.
As rush'd the trojan Hero ‡, from the shade,
And dealt destruction, with his mortal blade;
Soon as he saw, (the fatal) blow descend,
And on the ground, a gallant dying Friend:
Like him, fierce *Peyton*, straightway, boldly rear'd;
Defiance frown'd! and both the Indians dar'd:
Rous'd, tho' in pain, 'twixt bravery, and hate,
He groan'd in § Flame, and sent the leaden Fate;
Which gain'd th' event, the gallant *Peyton* hop'd,
By death arrested, down an Indian dropp'd:

F 3

On

- They brought him on his knees, by repeated blows, and efforts, and thought to strangle him with his Sash: but he still, (tho' so often, and deadly wounded,) with surprising exertion, baffled them: and after all, got into the town, liv'd some days, and died there.

† He cried out O *Peyton*! the villain has shot me!

‡ *Nisus*, who with *Uryalus*, issu'd from *Eneas*'s camp, slew *Rhamnes*, *Rhemus*, and many others, of the enemy's camp, and march'd onward, to warn *Eneas* of their danger: but were met by *Velfiens*, in the wood, with 300 horse, two of which, besides *Velfiens*, *Nisus* slew, in revenge of the gallant *Uryalus*, slain by them.

§ Mr. *Peyton* had a double barrel'd fusée.

On *Ochterlony* fell, (design'd his prey,)
And grinning, groan'd his savage soul away.
When *Furio* saw his mate, bereav'd of Life,
Frowning, he grasp'd, his fatal, scaling knife;
Fiercely, toward the wounded *Peyton* sped,
In fancy, seiz'd his scalp, and doom'd him dead.
The bold *Hibernian*, still unconquer'd stood;
His fractur'd leg, pour'd out the vital blood:
Tho' his firm heart, of blood, was nearly drain'd;
Repenting rage, and courage, yet remain'd:
Tho' wounded, left, upon the hostile field;
To indian foes, He greatly scorn'd to yield:
For as the savage, nearer to Him drew,
His scorn increas'd, and resolution grew:
On one foot poiz'd again, He boldly fir'd:
But Fate deny'd the great Event desir'd:
Th' indian's breast, receiv'd the missive ball:
But still, unshock'd; as if it struck a wall;
He shew'd no sign of pain, and scorn'd to fall!
'Gainst *Peyton*, he, the leaden ruin sent:
Which ah! full sure, the Hero's shoulder rent;
Then onward rush'd, (full of Canadian pride,)
His bay'net flish'd, and thrust it thro' his side.

The

The second thrust, he found himself deceiv'd ;
Peyton's left Hand, the sanguin'd point receiv'd :
Which seiz'd the musket, with uncommon wrath,
Whilst his right hand, drew forth the glittering *
death :

He play'd again, the brave Hibernian's part ;
And plung'd his faithful dagger to his heart.
Now hand, to hand, they join, and face, to face ;
And grasp, and struggle, in a close embrace :
For prey, the Indian, still maintain'd the strife ;
Peyton, for vict'ry fought, for Fame, and Life :
He oft his dagger plung'd, and groan'd, and frown'd,
And spurn'd th' infernal scalper to the ground.

So wounded Tygers, on East Indian plains,
Run down by blacks, and vex'd with pungent pains ;
Drop to the ground, and seem to pant for breath,
A prey, almost, to grim, all conqu'ring death :
But on th' approach of black, pursuing foes,
Again reviv'd, their innate courage glows :
Rampant, they rear, and roar, and swing their tails ;
With deadly Fangs, and lacerating nails ;

F 4

They

• Mr. Peyton, luckily wore a dagger.

They tear, and kill, and stain the place with blood ;
 Walk growling off, and shelter in the wood ;
 As *Peyton* limp'd, (with cruciating pain,)
 After he had Canadian Scalpers slain.

A band* of savage Indians now drew near :
 But *Peyton* fac'd, as if forgot to fear.
 As if grim death, had brandish'd high his dart ;
 They stood aloof, and terror fill'd each heart !
 So *Ajax* turn'd, and frown'd at Illium's tow'rs ;
 When Grecians fled, from conq'ring Trojan Pow'rs ;
 A living Bulwark, in the rear remain'd ;
 The chace retarded, and the charge sustain'd !
 The mean soul'd French, seem'd on his death intent ;
 And from the breastwork, thund'ring volleys sent.
Peyton, (as if invulnerable) stood,
 Sedate, in pain, their grov'ling rancour view'd.
 For mighty Fate, frustrated spightful Gauls ;
 To right, and left, wide flew the hilling balls !

As

- * These were a company of above 30, in full march, to destroy him : but when he fac'd about, the foremost halted, and waited to be join'd by their fellows, but he kept them all at a distance, till three brave Highlanders, (detach'd from a small Party, headed by Capt. *Mackdonald*, a Scotch Gentleman,) came to his timely rescue, and carried him off the field of battle.

As He such Wonders, in their fight had done ;
So bravely fought, and dear bought vict'ry won ;
French harmless cannon, took a random aim !
They roar'd applause ! and thunder'd loud acclaim !

Macdonald * now, (with emulating flame,)
Amid surrounding dangers, fiercely came :
And with his little Party, rush'd along,
Before him, French, and Indians, fearful throng.
As Bears, when chac'd, will sometimes make a stand,
And rush triumphant, thro' the hunting band ;
For stolen Cubs, with double fury burn !
And scatter death, which way so'er they turn !
So for his fall'n Friend, *Macdonald* stray'd,
And bore him from the field of battle dead.
As round he turn'd his anxious busy sight,
He saw brave *Peyton*, in distressed plight :
Sent three fierce Highlanders, a-cross the field ;
Who from the savages, the Hero shield.

'Midst

- * *Mr. Macdonald*, was a Scotch Gentleman, a captain in Col. *Frazer's* battalion, who came for a young Gentleman, his kinsman, who dropp'd on the field of battle, and bore him in triumph off, against all opposition.

'Midst Volleys*, Flame*, and Deaths*, and gallic*
Fire;

With Him, (triumphant,) from the foes retire!
Like *Scipio*†, thro' the field, with carnage strow'd;
So He, upon the Scotchman's shoulders rode!
Now Providence once more, espous'd their cause;
French harmless cannon, roar'd a loud applause!

Here brightly shines, another glorious strife,
Th' Hibernian ‡ sav'd the Caledonian's ‡ life:
And now *Macdonald*, thirsting after fame,
(From Indian knives,) to *Peyton*'s rescue came.

Repuls'd, and vex'd, uncertain of supplies;
Wolfe view'd the lofty town, with ardent eyes:

And

**** They were about 60 Yards from the Enemy's breastwork,
and troops, who kept a continual fire of cannon, and small
arms, on them, but they got all triumphant off.

† Young *Scipio*, took his Father on his shoulders, when in dan-
ger; and carried him thro' the enemy's battle, to a place of
safety. It may be read in the Carthaginian war.

‡‡ Mr. *Peyton* at first, kill'd the Indians attempting to kill Capt.
Ochterlony; and now Mr. *Macdonald*, a Scotch Captain, rescues
Mr. *Peyton* from a party of Indians coming down upon him:
the whole story may be read at large, in the British Magazine
of January, 1760.

And whilst he plann'd the methods to prevail,
 (Resolv'd, he wou'd the garrison assail ;)
 His mighty Soul, within his bosom rag'd,
 And war intestine, with his body wag'd.
 His enterprizing mind, by Glory fir'd ;
 To Honour's summit, emulous aspir'd :
 His genius active : but his body slow,
 To counteract, the strong, the gallic Foe.
 As guns are worn, by fierce expanding flame ;
 Resolves intrepid, shook his tender Frame.

Tho' first, the landing in dispute was held,
 And Britain's Troops, by numbers were repell'd ;
 Like hungry Lions, (foaming for their prey ;)
 Our Troops again prepare to force their way.
 As ev'ry grain, with joint impulsive force,
 The bullet urges, in its rapid course ;
 Soldiers*, and Sailors*, join'd, against the Gauls,
 With bombs, and bullets, raz'd the hostile walls:
 French,

* It is very remarkable, the union that subsisted between the Soldiers, and Sailors, during the long, tedious, and dangerous siege ; always ready, and active, to support, and assist each other, and seem'd never better pleas'd, than when an opportunity offer'd of exerting themselves, for each other : as it fir'd by emulation, who cou'd show themselves most alert, to gain a glorious Name, and stand with the most intrepid Souls, the greatest shock of danger.

French, and Canadians, under covert get ;
 Death glances swift, along the parapet.
 Rais'd up aloft, descending death comes down,
 Like Egypt's Hail, upon the subject Town :
 Which mix'd with fierce æthereal Flame around,
 Beat Man, and beast, and cattle to the ground :
 So glancing Bombs, dance madly thro' the street :
 And with dislosion fierce, their Houses greet :
 (Which piece-meal torn,) to open view display'd,
 The bases of the strongest Domes are laid.
 Men, Women, Children, 'midst the flame are lost ;
 (To atoms rent, and in nothing tost :)
 With these, the flaming Carcasses conspire,
 To scatter ruin, and devouring fire.
 British, and gallic Guns, and Mortars sound ;
 With roar destructive, shake th' adjacent ground !
 Shrieks ! groans ! and yells ! and hostile shouts !
 are heard around !
 Such noise heard Satan, (that deceiver fell ;)
 When on the verge of chaos, night, and hell.
 With eager speed, they guns, and mortars ply :
 And thronging deaths, of lead, and iron fly :

Our

Our Troops roar death, against the batter'd walls;
And death, receive again, from freful Gauls.

As Moles, to subterraneous holes betake;
So Engineers, (unseen,) approaches make:
Prepar'd (like Earthquakes, tumid, from below,) }
to rise destructive, with sulphureous glow:
And raze the Town, and Fort, with instant over- }
throw.

Wolfe, and his Troops, (with slow advances) steal,
Towards the Town, still anxious to prevail.

With full ten thousand, *Montcalm* keeps the trench:
Canadians mix'd, with trembling, tim'rous French.
Quebec holds out, and much surrender dreads;
Wolfe, shakes his flaming veng'ance o'er their heads.
Conscious of British Blood, by murder spilt;
Of treaties broke, and sportive scalping guilt;
Of mothers ripp'd, and helpless Infants cries;
Which calls for sweeping Judgment from the }
Skies;
They roll with gloomy dread, their haggard }
Eyes.

Mean

MEAN while, brave *Amherst*, *Johnson*, *Rogers*,
warm

With native zeal, the Continent alarm,

Townshend, and *Bradstreet*, *Prideaux*, *Howe*, ad-
vance ;

With *Forbes*, *Schomberg*, 'gainst the friends of
France.

So much respect, the gallant *Howe** had gain'd,

The post of honour had so well maintain'd ;

That when he bravely fell, against the Gauls,

Before *Ticonderoga*'s fatal walls ;

In *Massachusetts-Bay*, for his great Worth,

A gen'rous flame of gratitude broke forth :

A costly monument, they chearful give ;

That *Howe*, tho' dead, may in Remembrance live :

There may be read, New-England's grateful flame ;

Howe's luckless Death ; and mighty warring Fame.

Amherst drove on, cloath'd in stern war's alarms ;

And spread the terror of Britannia's Arms.

(Thro'

* Col. *Howe*, who was unfortunately kill'd, advancing to the attack of *Ticonderoga* ; and for whom, the People of *Massachusetts-Bay*, erected a Monument, in *Westminster Abbey*.

(Thro' pathless dangers ; and thro' deep defiles,) }
 From ambush safe, and base Canadian wiles ; }
 He past victorious, Heav'n propitious smiles. }
 So *Hannibal*, o'er alpine Mountains sped,
 And Carthaginians 'gainst the Romans led.
 The gallant *Johnson*, and Provincials rose ;
 With *Amherst* join'd, against our plotting foes.

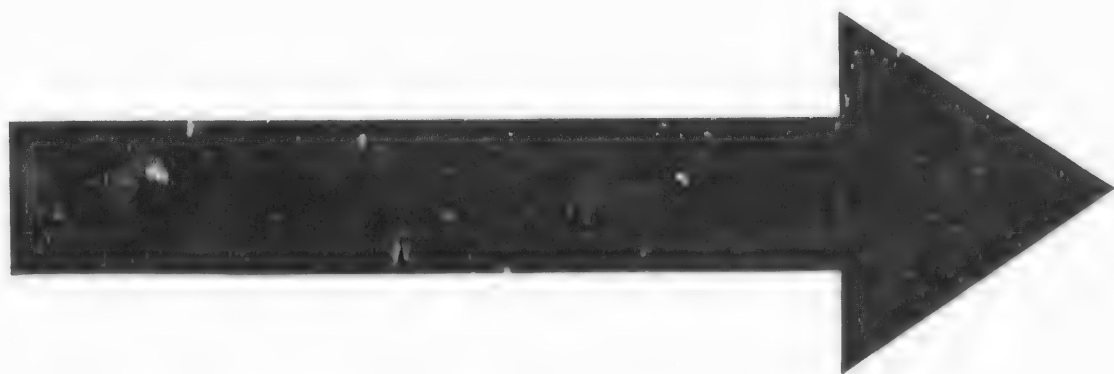
Before Him, Forts, Towns, Corn, and Plenty stood ; }
 Behind, black Desolation might be view'd ; }
 Bulwarks unmann'd, and Trenches drench'd in }
 Blood : }
 Canadian carnage, round the rampiers lay ;
 And treach'rous gallic Blood, mark'd out his way :
 Provincials rage, and British Heroes glow,
 For grand revenge, against the scalping foe :
 And like that death, which much fam'd *Milton* made,
 Whom Satan found amid th' infernal shade ;
 And told him straight, he shou'd mankind devour,
 He bless'd his maw, and wish'd the happy hour ;
 Grinn'd horrid smiles, and brandish'd high his dart,
 Prepar'd to strike each living creature's heart :
 So these rejoice, (inrag'd,) with vengeful gloom ;
 Anticipate the day, and fix Canada's doom :
 They

They burn within, with fierce, and martial treads,
 Their broad swords draw, and wave 'em o'er their
 heads :

They knit their brows, and with a stern disdain,
 Frown future veng'ance, thro' the hostile plain :
 For savage *Montcalm*, in their minds remain'd,
 Who tamely stood, while gallic Indians stain'd
 With British conquer'd Blood, Fort William's* plains,
 Ripp'd Mothers up, and dash'd out Infants Brains !

As .

- When Fort William, was taken in America, by Monsieur *Montcalm*, after the surrender of the Fort, and our Troops were marching out, (according to capitulation :) the Indians fell upon our Soldiers, as they pass'd on, with their Wives, and Children, and begun to knock down, strip, and butcher Men, Women, and Children, promiscuously ! whilst Monsieur *Montcalm*, and the French Troops, stood and look'd tamely on the dispersion ! confusion ! and carnage of the English ! and on being ask'd by some Gentlemen, (who fled to them, and claim'd their protection,) why they suffer'd this Outrage, and Cruelty ? *Montcalm*, answer'd them in a frivolous manner, something to this purport : " That they were a desperate, savage sort of people ; scarcely to be kept within bounds ; their good friends, and allies, serv'd them for what plunder they could get ; and claim'd it as their due : (tho' fore against his will ;) and as the case stood, they being so resolute, and ungovernable, he cou'd not well tell how to restrain them." However, several who escap'd in the general tumult, fled back to him, and had the great humanity shown them, to be preserv'd from butchery. Whilst the Indians still continu'd to glut themselves, in plundering, scalping, ripping Womens Bodies, and dashing Childrens Brains out ! at least, if all this was not done there ; it was done at other places several times.



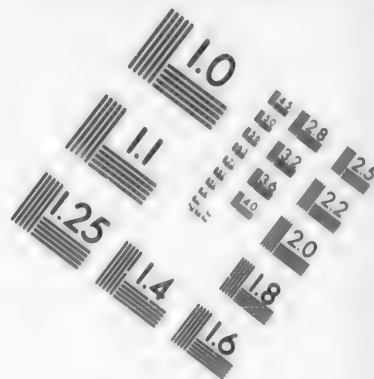
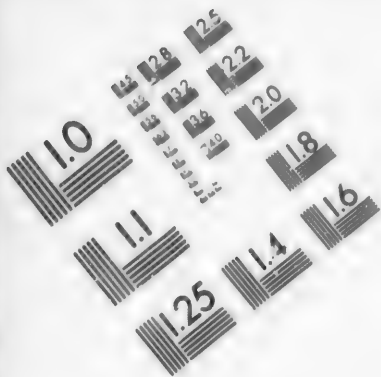
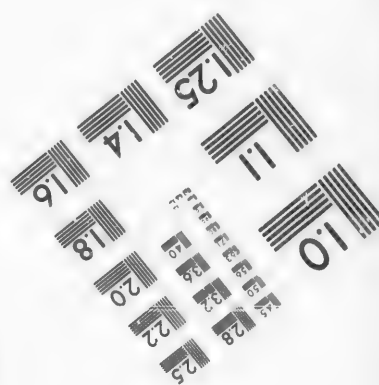
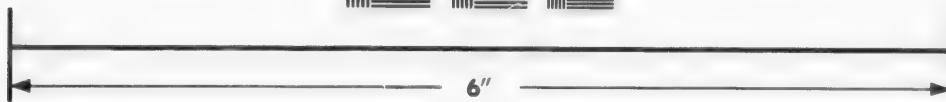
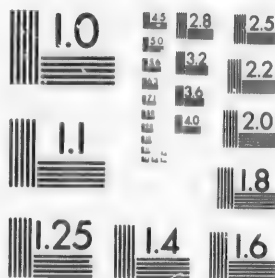


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As when fierce Tygers roar amid the wood,
Hunting for prey, full scent on human blood ;
The Trav'ler hears, and wing'd with dread surprize,
To distant Shelter, for his safety flies :
So veng'ance *Amherst* roar'd, the French, and In-
dians creep,
To Woods, and Caves, and Forts, like flocks of
tim'rous sheep.

NOW on the wings of Time, the morn appear'd,
Whose dread approach, Quebec so greatly
fear'd.

When *Montcalm*, and his T'roops, shou'd quit the field :
To *Monckton*, *Wolfe*, and *Townshend*, vanquish'd yield.
The martial Trine, ascend the hostile hill,
The Troops inspir'd, a manly ardour feel ;
They clamber up the ascent, rough, and steep ;
Retarded oft, and oft times forc'd to creep :
From bough, to bough, themselves they onward
drew ;

Their resolution, with the danger grew :
Most nobly rous'd, to act beyond compare,
And show the world, how much true Britons dare ;

To give the French, another specimen,
 Like Poictiers, Cressy, Blenheim, Dettingen !
 And like the (sturdy,) British Troops of old ;
 With whom the HENRYS oft the Gauls controul'd ;
 Onward they trod, with great heroic glow,
 To hew thro' Squadrons of the num'rous foe ;
 Who from a four gun Fort, to flight betake.
 As *Wolfe*, and *Monckton*, their approaches make ;
 With which our Troops, the flying Frenchmen
 rake.

Rapid as torrents, when they downward sweep ;
Howe, and his Corps, ascend the rocky steep,
 They clear'd the path, French Guards dislodg'd
 pursu'd,

And all our Troops upon the summit stood.
 There undisturb'd, they rang'd, in dread array,
 E'er Phœbus thither roll'd the car of day.

Their near approach, alarm'd the threaten'd town,
 And now, death wore, a formidable frown.
 He fill'd the battlements of hostile walls ;
 To right and left, sustain'd by Troops of Gauls ;
 Canadians

Canadians black, fill'd up the howling rear :
 And female shrieks, and tremor, and pale fear ;
 And shatter'd flaming domes, close at their heels
 appear !

Now *Montcalm*, dares t' evacuate the trench :
 (Six thousand Britons, brave ten-thousand French.)
Montcalm, whose name is brought, by fame from far ;
 In battle brave ; and much expert in war :
 On whom, all France, and *Lewis*, had an eye,
 On whose try'd conduct, chiefly they rely ;
Montcalm, who had so long, great *Wolfe* withstood ;
 And as a Dam, repels a mighty Flood ;
 (Well vers'd in war, back'd by Canadian Force,)
 Stopp'd the brave Warrior, in his rapid course :
 Thus at a bay, retarded, (not repell'd ;) -
 Cape-Breton's scourge, and England's Troops were
 held.

Nought can the will of mighty Fate oppose ;
 For *Montcalm* dares, and *Wolfe* with ardour glows.

The hour is come, and now their eager feet
 Advance with speed, in fierce assault to meet ;
 And with a hostile frown, each other greet.
 So *Anthony*, dar'd *Cæsar* once t' oppose ;
 And ne'er since then, till now, met two such Foes:

At stake, (on fortune of the doubtful day,)
 Canadia's weal, and Britain's Honour lay.
 Tho' the spruce Gauls, and Indians, rudely sneer'd,
 And ask'd how *Wolfe*, and his eight thousand dar'd,
 To come so far, against their strong *Quebec* ;
 Drawn by fond hope, to give their arms a check ?
 Advis'd He'd go, and this for truth report ;
 I can't attack, much less reduce the Fort ;
 For *Montcalm* occupies the hostile plain ;
 Whose camp I cannot force*, nor charge* sustain.

Wolfe,

* On the arrival of Admiral *Saunders*, with General *Wolfe*, and the Troops, near *Quebec*, when the French understood he had but 8000 troops with him, it is reported, they almost sneer'd at him with disdain ; confiding in the lofty, and strong situation of the place ; and the almost double number of regulars, they had entrench'd, near the town, at the only attackable spot, under a bold, enterprising, and fortunate General ; Monsieur *De Montcalm*, and ask'd where he had left the keys of *Quebec* ? and in a taunting manner, wou'd have him return, and ask his

King.

Wolfe, like a Lion growl'd, when held at bay ;
And roar'd an answer, on this fatal day.

With rested arms, behold our Troops advance
To meet the coming num'rous Troops of France.
The Highlanders discharg'd, their broad swords
drew ;

And close to battle, with the Frenchmen flew,
The rest, as fiercely charg'd the troops of Gaul:
When lo, *Wolfe's* wrist, was broken by a ball.
(Sound was his Heart,) He wrapp'd it up undrest,
And (unconcern'd,) among the foremost prest.
Like to a Lion, whom the dogs surround,
By hunters vex'd, and rous'd by painful wound;
The fearless Beast, will all their terrors dare,
He growls, and foams, and shakes his shaggy hair :

G 3

Aloft

King for them ; for he cou'd not force the bars of their gates :
not daring to approach near enough ; because Monsieur *De*
Mintcalm occupy'd the vacant plain, and form'd a living out-
work round their rampart, too dreadful for his near approaches ;
and before whose war he cou'd not stand, if he chose to evacu-
ate the trenches, and give him battle ! but how contrary the
great, (and almost unhop'd for) Event, of all these Vaunts was,
every one is so well acquainted with it, that it needs no recital
here. And I wish I cou'd say, needs no grief, for the loss of
so great a Patriot, and brave Commander.

Aloft they stand, nor dare provoke the fight ;
 He roars aloud, with new collected might :
 With rage indignant now, his Tail he swings ;
 He looks, and in a storm of death he springs ;
 O'er horses, dogs, and men, his course is bent ;
 Whose bodies strew the way, the gen'rous savage
 went.

Thus with a rage, most Lion-like, he turn'd ;
 (His indignation, 'gainst the Frenchmen burn'd :)
 Piercing resistless thro' the French array ;
 (And breathless carcases point out his way :)
 Where-e'er he turns, death finds an ample prey.
 Thousands recede, and those who dare to stand,
 Are hewn in lanes, by his victorious band !

A wound, e'er long, a second bullet gave,
 And in his belly, dug a sanguin'd grave.
 (Fearing his wounds might spread a wild dismay,
 And fix the dubious fortune of the day :)
 With well dissembled ease, he onward trod,
 Whilst crimson'd life, (unseen,) in torrents flow'd !

In

In that dread fight, at sam'd Thermopylæ !
 So * ebb'd the Spartan's stream of life away !
 Whilst He alone, (with hostile Hosts inclos'd,)
 Hew'd wasteful voids ! and a'l their pow'r oppos'd !
 Who, (tho' a King, in freedom's glorious cause,)
 Fell a glad victim, for his Country's laws !
 Millions of thronging darts, obscur'd the skies ;
 He falls, all o'er one wound, no more to rise !
 Fix'd as a Rock, his Fame, his Honour never
 dies.

So bleeding *Wolfe* march'd on, without dismay ;
 To glory's goal, He mark'd his purple way.

But ah ! alas ! 'gainst Fate, what proof is found !
 His manly breast, receives a mortal wound.

G 4

The

- Long after *Leonidas*, (the gallant King of Lacedæmon, in the battle at the pass of Thermopylæ,) had receiv'd a wound in his flank from a spear ; He still rush'd on, bore nations down ! thion'd the thick wedg'd growing ranks of Barbarians ! and roll'd the Asian legions back confounded, with his impetuous charge ! till faint with loss of blood, and pain, his body throng'd with wounds, o'erweary'd with the long continu'd battle, almost fated with slaughter, & burn down by millions, He fell, a noble instance of that magnanimity, with which the spirit of freedom animates a Patriot's Soul !

Adjacent great Ones*, scorn'd to be outdone,
Politely pensive, mourn'd her worthy Son :
No fires* there blaz'd ! nor bright illuminations
shone !

But all in secret, (with accustom'd light,)
Pity, applaud, and oft recount the fight !

To neighb'ring nations, this your fame shall sound,
In sad regret, the gen'ral joy was drown'd.
This show'd your value for the Patriot more
Than blazing joy, join'd with deep throated roar.
By striplings (now,) in future days grown old,
This pleasing tale, shall to their Sons be told ;
Whilst *Wolfe's* sad Mother, for her Darling wept,
The Tumult round her Dome, in mute Oblivion
slept !

Hail happy Woman ! Mother of a Son !
Who may be equall'd ! never be outdone !

This

This be thy boast, thy Son, (Britannia's Pride!)
Like great *Leonidas**, and *Titus*† dy'd !

Their

* *Leonidas* was a Spartan King, descended from *Hercules* ; who offer'd to sacrifice his life, that *Lacedæmon* might not be entirely destroy'd by *Xerxes*, who made an attack upon their Countries, and Liberties, with an Army of about four or five Millions : and as the Delphic Oracle had foretold, a King descended from *Hercules* must die, to preserve their Country ; *Leonidas* immediately repair'd to that important Pass, of the much fam'd *Thermopylæ*, with three hundred of his countrymen ; who, with the forces of some other cities of the *Peloponnesus*, together with the *Thebans*, *Thespians*, and the troops of those States ; compos'd an army, of near eight thousand men. With these he out engag'd, slew, trod down, and chac'd the *Asians* ! who might he call'd a host of armies ! but for the last fatal encounter, he reserv'd only about fourteen hundred with him, viz. about three hundred Spartans ; four hundred *Thebans* ; and seven hundred *Thespians*. With these he most bravely attack'd the camp of *Xerxes*, forc'd his Way to the royal Pavilion ! burnt half the camp ! and made an incredible slaughter ! but at length he fell, overpower'd by Millions ! not till He might almost be call'd a Conqueror, even in the Center of the Enemy's Camp.

† *Titus* was a young Roman Warrior, Son to *Æmilius*, Consul of *Rome*, and Governor of *Aquileia* ; and endu'd with that magnanimity, and Spirit of Freedom, and Valour, for which the ancient Romans, were so much fam'd. He made a vigorous sally on the Camp of *Maximin* ; sustain'd by his Brother *Paulus*, and the valiant *Gartha*, a Numidian Officer in the Troops of *Æmilius*. *Gartha* return'd wounded from the Battle : *Paulus*, and *Titus*, the two Brothers, were surrounded by an Host of Foes ; born down, and taken Prisoners ; not till they had form'd an heap of Carnage round them, and burnt the tower rais'd against the wall of *Aquileia*. But by means of the impetuous rage of the British legions, in the camp of *Maximin*, headed by *Varus*, whom *Maximin* slew ; they were set at liberty, and *Titus*, at the head of their resitless war, slew *Maximin*. But e'er the battle clos'd, receiv'd his mortal wound, and died in *Aquileia*.

Their dying arms, gaye num'rous foes a check !
Thy dying Son, was Conq'ror at Quebec !
At noon of life, his Glory's race was run !
Bright as meridian blaze, his setting Sun !
England will ever hold his mem'ry dear !
From age, to age, the name of *Wolfe* revere !

For *Wolfe* first rose, and with a dreaded frown,
Rush'd on the Gauls, and press'd toward the town ;
And with his little army, dar'd advance,
Against ten thousand regulars of France ;
With many Indian tribes, drawn from afar,
For scalping ambush, and the butch'ring war ;
(But these, to combat fair, scarce ever dar'd,
Where biting Caledonian broad Swords glar'd :
To ambuscades they run, in shade they lie ;
Nor stand the Light'ning of an English Eye !)

As billows spread, when dashing on a Rock ;
(Which stands unmov'd, amid the pond'rous shock ;
They fall in froth, and foam, on ev'ry side,
Blended, and lost, amidst the briny tide :)

So when their Troops, our frowning Troops beheld;
 Receiv'd their shock, and found themselves repell'd;
 And saw fierce Highlanders, their broad Swords
 wield,

They soon fell off, disorder'd, thro' the field.
 Now fell brave *Wolfe*, whose presence oft inspir'd
 With warlike glow, and ev'ry warrior fir'd.

The brave defenders of Britannia's weal;
 Which fought round *Wolfe*, and saw grim death
 prevail,

Rous'd by esteem, and love, (with mighty rage,)
 Prepar'd most fiercely, with the foe to engage:
 (Each lov'd the Man, the Warrior all esteem'd;
 Their Leader, Friend, and martial Father deem'd.)

Revenge! revenge! injur'd Britannia calls!

(As mighty cat'racts roar from lofty falls!)

They shout! unite! and rush upon the Gauls!

And like a pond'rous overwhelming flood!

They swept along! and glutted death with food!

And Frenchmen mourn'd *Wolfe's* fall, in streams
 of blood!

Howe,

Howe, and his Infantry*, amid the doubtful
field,
Round the left flank, and rear, in semicircle
wheel'd;
A living Rampart form'd, a fierce offensive
Shield.
By these, the charging enemy, were oft repell'd;
Broken, dispers'd, o'eraw'd, and at due distance
held;
Or down in carnage trod, in close engagement
fell'd.

E'er Gallia's Troops, to wild disorder yield;
Reluctant next, brave *Monckton* quits the Field.
Oft frowning turn'd, and ey'd the hostile Gauls;
Like great *Eneas*†, near *Laurentum's* walls.
Soldiers, and Sailors, jointly, all agreed,
Bold *Monckton* wou'd have done, what *Townshend* did.
Did *Townshend's* bosom, glow with martial flame?
Monckton had ardour, equal to the same.

Did

* It is said, in an account of the battle, that Col. *Howe*, with his light infantry, cover'd the left wing, and rear, in such a manner, entirely to frustrate the attempts of the enemy's Indians, and Canadians, upon that flank.

† Whilst the Trojans, under the Command of *Eneas*, were treating with the Rutilians, &c. near the walls of *Laurentum* in Italy; *Eneas* receiv'd an arrow in his thigh, and immediately the battle began; from whence he retreated with great reluctance.

Did *Townshend* brave th' impetuous gallic wrath?
 So *Monckton* dar'd ! midst show'rs of leaden death.
 Was *Townshend* there, a Gen'ral in command?
 In that exalted rank, might *Monckton* stand.
 Was Honour, Death, or Vict'ry, *Townshend's* aim?
 Conquest, or Death, was gallant *Monckton's* claim.
 Each with indiff'rence, hostile dangers view'd;
 And the great End, with Souls resolv'd pursu'd.
Monckton led on, to fierce encounter bent;
 Till thro' his lungs, the rapid ball was sent.
 Th' ill fated bullet, nipt his Soul's design,
 And sent him wounded, from th' advancing line.
 He fain wou'd reap the honour of the day;
 But Fate demands Him from the glorious Fray.

As fierce *Achilles*, on the Phrygian Plain,
 When brave *Patroclus*, was by *Hector* slain;
 And sage *Ulysses*, from the battle sent,
 Came limping, wounded, near the Hero's tent;
 Frowning, rush'd on, in mighty transport tost,
 And with his Pow'rs, re-join'd the friendly Host;

He,

He, and his myrmidons, like torrents flow'd :
 Repell'd ! bore down ! and o'er the Trojans trod !
 So *Townshend*, and his Troops, whilst Glory calls,
 Impetuous rush'd upon the scatt'ring Gauls.

Howe, *Murray*, *Frazer*, thirsting after Fame ;
Burton, and *Dalling*, kindling into Flame,
 With eager speed, towards the Frenchmen throng,
 And to the charge, urge Britain's Troops along.
 Conspicuous they, 'mongst hardy ranks appear,
 In front, in flanks, the center, or the rear ;
Macdonald, *Ince*, with equal Glory shine,
 Fam'd in the glorious War of fifty nine.
 Leaders, and Soldiers, with one warring Soul,
 Thro' Blood, and Flame, and Deaths, to Honour's
 gaol,
 Onward they plung'd, with Veng'ance fiercely
 pleas'd :
 With sanguin'd grasp, the Palm of Vict'ry seiz'd.
 The dying *Wolfe*, the shouts of Conquest heard,
 The welcome sound, the bleeding *Monckton*
 chear'd.

As when a gen'rous * Bull, has broke his chain,
Lays heaps, on heaps, o'er all the frighted plain,
Sweeps thro' the throng, and with resistless wrath,
Spurns, tosses, gores, and tramples crowds to
death.

So thro' the ranks of war, *Macpherson* hew'd ;
With martial soul, and manly arm endu'd :
Tho' with the weight of weak'ning-years oppress'd,
Finds youthful ardour, glowing in his breast !
That weight of years, no longer seems to feel ;
But deals out death, with bright avenging steel !
Or as the sons of Scotland, once before,
When they descended on Cape-Breton's shore ;
Forc'd through the French, with fierce Herculean
might,
And triumph'd 'midst the dangers of the fight :

H

He

- * As it is not accustomary here, to beat a Bull ; perhaps it needs an explanation. In Old-England, they bring a Bull, and fasten to a stake, with a chain ; and set what we call Maltis, or Bull Dogs at him : and sometimes, inrag'd, he breaks his chain : the terrify'd crowd, which stands round him, hollowing, disperse in the utmost confusion ! whilst the foaming Bull, rolls them in heaps ! drives on with resistless fury, thro' the lanes of Men, and Dogs ! born down, by his weight, toss'd aloft, or troden under his feet, full of terror, and amazement.

He lifts his Sword, and with repeated blow,
 As Peasants through a field of barley mow,
 He lays the Gauls in heaps, in sanguin'd over-
 throw !

This saw our Troops, and quick, from Man, to Man,
 (As trains of powder blaze,) an ardour ran !
 Grown greatly emulous, (with fixed thought,)
 Each like a *Hector*, or *Achilles* fought !

The Anstruthers, and Scots, with mutual wrath,
 In Frenchmens Bodies oft, their broad Swords
 sheath,
 And onward tread, amid resplendent death.
 Where'er they turn'd, a transient Brightness
 gleam'd ;
 Which like th' *Aurora Borealis* seem'd.

Mean while, each different corps, for fight address;
 With fixed Bayonets, to stand the test :
 As bolts, and Lightnings, rive the knotted Oak,
 Thro' thick throng'd ranks, of charging Frenchmen
 broke !

As they grew warm, the Frenchmens hearts grew cold,

Platoons of Soldiers, o'er the Leaders roll'd !

Before the English charge, (with gallic dread,)

Cohorts receding, tumbled o'er the dead.

Battalions, and Brigades, were * throng'd, with Souls transfix'd ;

In heaps, the fighting, wounded, dying, dead, were mix'd !

And as in whirlwinds, on Arabia's coast,

(Amid surprize !) whole Caravans are lost ;

So these born down, before the British Might,

(Involv'd in fear,) their safety sought in flight.

Now *Montcalm*, flees, amidst a total rout ;

(Canadians yell, and conq'ring Britons-shout,

And spread tumultous terror round about.)

He thought, (like floods, when swoln by heavy show'rs,)

Begirt with Gauls, and black Canadian pow'rs,

H 2

To

- * It is said, in one description of the battle, that the French Troops, oft throng'd in heaps, at the repeated charges of our Infantry ; till at length they scatter'd, and commenc'd a total rout, (in the usual French manner,) full speed to the town.

*Bougainville's** Corps, now threaten'd in the rear,
Fresh Troops, with formidable front appear;
As if they wou'd, the nice occasion catch,
And from our Troops, the infant vict'ry snatch.
To take their charge, and their design to mar,
Ours fac'd about, and met the coming war:
With efforts weak, they faintly stood the test;
Soon wheel'd, retir'd, and ran to join the rest.

The angry Warriors, throng'd towards the Town;
'Midst Flame, and Blood, and Groans, trod French-
men down:
Quite to the ditch, beneath Quebec's strong Walls,
They chac'd, ran down, and kill'd the trembling
Gauls.

H 3

The

- * *M. De Bougainville*, whom the feign'd movements of the English Troops, had drawn up the river, turn'd back, on discovering their real design; and now appear'd in the rear of the Army, with a body of 2000 Men. But fortunately, the main body of the French, was by this time so broken, and dispers'd, that the General was able to establish his rear, and to turn such an opposition on that side, that the enemy retir'd, after a very feeble attempt.

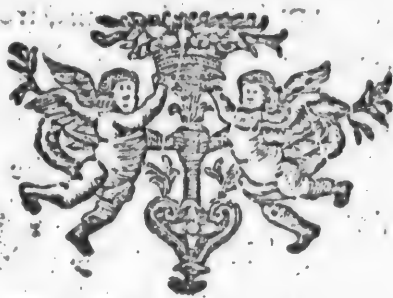
The Town submitted, struck with dread surprise ;

Aloft the Cross, the British Ensign flies :

There may it fly, there British Cannon roar,

Till Wolves leave Prey, and Gauls deceive no more.

A M E N.



THE

THE
S U P P L E M E N T,

To the Siege of Q U E B E C.

XXXXN that great day, *Wolfe's* warring spirit fled;
OX And *Monckton*, for his King, and Country
XXXX bled;

When conq'ring *Townshend*, chac'd the flying Gauls;
And terror shook Quebec's exalted walls:
Whilst leading fiercely on, to toilsome fight,
Cohorts of Heroes, 'gainst unequal might,
A brave old Man, judicious *Townshend* ey'd:
Mark'd how his Sword, with gallic crimson dy'd,
Rose like a Comet*, with his flaming train!
And glar'd Destruction thro' the hostile plain!
How oft alternate * rose! how oft it set!
And setting, fell'd a Frenchman* at his feet!

H 4

Saw

***** In the battle, before the town of Quebec; we had an account, of *Malcolm Macpherson*, a brave old Highlander, whom General *Townshend* observ'd, (after the Generals, *Wolfe*, and *Monckton*,

Saw him behind the heaps of slain retire,
 To breath a while*, and with collected ire,
 Saw him again, address himself to fight.
 Hew,* and tread down! and put the foe to flight!

He

Monckton, were carried out of the line,) laying about him with uncommon fury; and likewise, (tho' he so often lifted his sword, he scarce dealt a blow in vain: but at every stroke, he fell'd a Frenchman at his feet! the account further says, that General *Townshend* mark'd, when he retir'd behind the heaps of slain; (laid dead by his own hand,) to breathe a while, as if glutted with destruction! and satiated with slaughter! and saw him pull off his coat, or jacket, and with an heroic ardour, glowing a new, (like an active flame, which had just overcome all opposition,) hew his way thro' thick throng'd obstructing ranks of Frenchmen! bearing down, or putting to flight, who-e'er came within the semi-zone, form'd by his tremendous sword! after the battle, General *Townshend* ask'd his name, age, and place of abode, or country. He answer'd, his name was *Macpherson*: came from the Highlands of Scotland; and his age was seventy-two. The sword he then fought with, had been in the Family about three hundred years: he esteem'd it almost as his life; and seem'd exceedingly alert! and well pleas'd! that he had us'd it on that memorable day, so well, against the enemies of Caledonia! General *Townshend*, inspir'd with noble sentiments of the brave old Hero's worth, reported his gallant behaviour to his Majesty; and it is well known, in all the British Dominions, such his Majesty loves; who not forgetting his own martial fire; gave him his royal Favour, and a Commission. And it is said, the people of London were not behind-hand, in their gratitude; but when he pass'd, wou'd cry out with a pleasing exclamation! there goes the gallant Scotchman! the intrepid Highlander! who, laid the French in heaps, at the battle of Quebec! God bless the brave old Boy, with his broad Sword! &c.

He smil'd, o'erjoy'd ! to see th' old Man advance
Amid the Carnage, of deceitful France.
With pleasing horror ! view'd the heaps of dead,
Around the worthy Caledonian spread ;
Conceiv'd him straight, the Terror of the day,
Design'd by Fate, to glut grim death with prey.

The Battle o'er, our Troops return'd from chace ;
Townshend demands his age, his name, and place.
Stern he reply'd, *Macpherson* is my name ;
From Scotia's hills, a Volunteer I came.
Years, seventy-two, their influence have shed,
And roll'd successive, o'er my hoary head.
This Sword I wield, now stain'd with hostile gore,
For near three hundred years, my Fathers wore ;
Good northern temper'd steel, a trusty blade,
With which my Ancestors great havoc made :
This I hold dear ! this as my Life I prize !
(And Terror glanc'd from both the Warrior's Eyes.)
With this Sword arm'd, both them, and I oppose,
The fraudful French, and Caledonia's Foes.

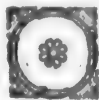
This

This Royal GEORGE, from *Towshend*, quickly
knew ;

Who gave the brave old Hero all his due ;
Our martial King, bestows on him regard,
Gives Royal Favour, and a great Reward :
Applauding crowds, with joy ! his worth proclaim !
And grateful Britain, ecchoes back his fame.

Gallia, no more we'll threat with hostile frown,
For GEORGE's smiles, can pull her grandeur down,
Approving Majesty, her Schemes can unrar,
And rouse our Troops, to glory and to war :
Whilst with the Royal Smile, their Labour's crown'd,
In each Platoon, some Heroes will be found.

End of BOOK III.



THE

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

Conflans sails from Brest, to invade England. Chases Commodore Duff's Squadron, The Chagbam, Capt. Lockhart, astern of the Fleet, near being taken. His anxiety during the chase: but on seeing Admiral Hawke's Fleet, tacks upon the chasing Enemy, (who stagger'd in their resolutions,) and begins the chase himself. Admiral Hawke, bearing down into the center of the French Fleet, sinking the Superbe, and attacking Adm. Conflans; who flees, and runs on shore.

Capt. Speke, in the Resolution, attacking, and taking the Formidable, the French rear Admiral.

Lord Howe, in the Magnanime, attacking, overpowering, and driving on shore the Heros.

The Hon. Augustus Keppel, in the Torbay, attacking, and sinking the Thesee.

Capt. Baird, in the Defiance.

Capt. Shirley, in the Kingston.

Capt.

Capt. Maplesden, in the Intrepid.

Sir John Bentley, in the Warspight.

Capt. Storr, in the Revenge.

Capt. Rowley, in the Montague.

Capt. Gambier, in the Burford.

Capt. Dennis, in the Dorsetshire, And

*Capt. Obrien, in the Essex. All bearing down to
Admiral Hawke's assistance, and engaging.*

*The anxiety of the rest of the Captains astern, who
cou'd not possibly come into the engagement; crowding
sail, and driving down to battle! The rout! dispersion!
and flight, of the French Fleet, on shore, up the River
Villaine, &c. Great-Britain's joy! and Gallia in tears!
as the consequence of the Engagement.*



WAR:



W A R :

B O O K IV.

 ALLIA's ill Fate, still mightily prevails ;
 See, next from Brest, invading *Conflans*
 sails ;

Of conquest dreams, and England over-run ;
 Like *Phæton*, mounts the Chariot * of the Sun * :
 Like him, (triumphant,) wrapp'd in gallic Blaze,
 He thought to drown Great-Britain in amaze !
 But met *Hawke's* glance, and retrograde retir'd,
 And ignis fatuus like, his Flame expir'd.
 (This *Lewis*, suits thy schemes on Britain's shore,
 Thyself, thy Leaders 'ed, by *Pompadour*.)

When

* Le Soleil Royal, in English, the Royal Sun. And in *Ovid's*
 Metamorphosis, we have *Phæton* driving the chariot of the Sun,
 and dash'd from the seat by *Jupiter*.

When first from Brest, the threat'ning *Conflans*
sail'd,

(In naval war,) he seemingly prevail'd :

He crouded * after *Duff*†, with eager chace,

Which train'd him on to *Hawke*, and French disgrace.

Lockhart,

• It is a common term at sea ; when ships are in full chace, and make what sail they can, that they crouded after one another, with all the sail they cou'd pack.

† When Admiral *Hawke*, with the British Fleet, first came in sight of Monsieur *Conflans*, and the French Fleet ; he was in full chace of Commodore *Duff*, and his little Squadron of Frigates, &c. with the Chatham, Capt. *Lockhart*, among them. The Chatham was a stern of our Fleet, and very near the Enemy, & consequently, not making that speed off, the Frigates, and the rest of the Fleet did, he must soon have fall'n into the hands of the Enemy ; without some friendly assistance from larger Ships, with heavier metal, than what *Duff's* Squadron carried ; and which in that circumstance, he cou'd scarce flatter himself shou'd arrive so soon, (and even unexpectedly,) as it did, to England's, and his great joy ! brave *Hawke's* Honour ! and those bold Commanders which were with him ! and to the great loss, and infamy of *Conflans*, and the gallic Nation ! for had not Admiral *Hawke* arrived to his assistance, the most romantic person living, (with the least shew of reason,) cou'd not have expected Capt. *Lockhart*, to have begun a desperate, (and I may say hopeless) engagement, with the first Ship that shou'd have come up with him ; when there were twenty-one sail of line of battle Ships, bearing down upon him, with three Admirals. But so soon as Admiral *Hawke*, and the English Fleet appear'd, he tack'd immediately, on the headmost Ships of the chasing Enemy ; singled out the *Heros*, which had been a little shatter'd by some of our Ships, as they pass'd, and gave her two broadsides, e'er she struck to the *Magnanime*, Lord *Howe*, who bore down to close engagement with her ; and to whom she struck, but afterwards went on shore.

Lockhart, who oft, had wond'rous odds oppos'd,
Now deigns to flee, by hostile odds inclos'd.
In iron wombs, th' unequal war drew near;
Reason suggests his flight, but not his fear.
Had *Conflan's* self, the Chatham chac'd alone,
Let Britons judge, what *Lockhart* wou'd have done;
Perhaps that day, such deeds had been atchiev'd,
England might boast; tho' France, and Britain
griev'd.

But now he flees, yet with a sullen frown,
He ey'd the Fleet, to battle bearing down;
Oft he resolv'd to fight, with wonted glow;
As oft resolv'd, to flee before the foe:
Reason, and Courage, fill'd him with regret!
Like wind, and tide, inraging conflict met!

So flees the Lion's Cub, towards the den,
From deep mouth'd dogs, and troops of armed
men:

Promiscuous

Promiscuous cries, and shouts, his ears assail ;
 Against his mighty sides, he swings his tail ;
 Indignant growls, collected, turns to fight ;
 Again recedes, and makes a tardy flight.
 But now the Sire, comes roaring thro' the plain,
 He turns, attacks the foremost of the train ;
 (Wrath fills his eyes, aloft his tail is rear'd,)
 So when to view, Great-Britain's Fleet appear'd ;
 Lockhart, with wonted rage, and fierce delight !
 Mark'd out the gallic Hero* for the Fight !
 Stung with disdain to flee, tho' fleets gave chase ;
 He long'd to wipe a way the late disgrace ;
 To battle tack'd, upon the chacing Gauls ;
 And sent in thund'ring show'rs, his dashing balls :
 Gave iron proof, urg'd home, made the French
 Hero see,
 'Twas mighty odds, mov'd his intrepid soul to
 flee.

No

* The French Ship Heros, a 74 gun-ship ; to which he gave two
 broadsides, before she struck, to the Magnanime ; Lord Howe,
 and who engag'd her, and to whom she struck.

No sooner *Hawke*, saluted *Conflans's* fight,
 His slacken'd sails hung shiv'ring * in affright:
 Like their commander's, every ship appear'd;
 And flutt'ring * sails flapp'd out, what Frenchmen
 fear'd:

The chace of *Duff*, they seemingly repine,
 And disconcerted, drew into a line:
 They seem'd to see their rout, and overthrow,
 Whilst waiting for the formidable foe;

I

Who

.. Whoever has been 'on the sea, doubtless hath observ'd, that when a ship luffs up, (as the sailors call it, that is braces about,) with her head to the wind, with an intent to lye by, (as they term it.) The topsails, and courses, shiver in the wind, and flap against the masts, shrouds, &c. as the ship plunges, and rolls, for want of a proper head way thro' the water. So *Conflans*, and his fleet, when they hove too; the ships might be said to express their terror; or account of the agitation of their hulls, and the tremor, and shiv'ring of their sails: (as trembling, is generally allow'd to be a true sign of fear.) And they might be said to be in fear, on another account; for it was observ'd, that they drew into a sort of a disorder'd line, and seem'd quite confus'd! like a man on the brink of an impending precipice, below which, the rugged rocks rise in dreadful spires, and he condemned to plunge precipitate from thence. So *Conflans*, and his fleet, by their behaviour, seem'd to fluctuate in their intentions; as if afraid to fight! aham'd to run! and dreading the consequence of an equal number of line of battle ships, bearing down upon them! mann'd with Englishmen! and arm'd with engines, whose wombs were pregnant with flaming roar! with iron, and with leaden death! ready to burst from every side, and crush their navy in oblivion! and I think the event fully declar'd what their intentions were, by their behaviour, when the battle began. The greatest part of them running away like a terrify'd brood of chickens, from a Hawk, which souses near them, and scarce staying even to fight their way; but made what speed they cou'd on care, up the Villaine, &c.

Who plung'd promiscuous on, with naval rage,
As if ambitious who shou'd first engage.

So when the Vulture chaces thro' the air,
A young fledg'd Eaglet, (yet the mother's care;)
The tow'ring bird, (imperial,) from the skies,
On sounding pinions, to his rescue flies,
In dread, the Vulture slacks the rapid chase;
Flutters, and hovers still around the place;
Receives the Eagle's shock, and in affright,
From chacing, spreads his wings in shameful flight.

The hostile fleets, now near each other glide;
And load with future death, the briny tide;
So high in air, the gath'ring tempest flies,
In pitchy clouds, (which at a distance rise;)
Nearer they roll, a gloomy concave form;
Together clash, down comes the rattling storm:
Now wakes the roar, and on the tempest rolls,
The bolts, and light'nings fly, the thunder growls:
So cannons roar, in clouds the ships are hid;
And French, and British tars, alternate bleed.

Round,

Round, and grape shot, and barr'd, make dreadful
wreck ;

Sails, topmasts, men, and blocks, bestrew the deck :
Guns are dismounted, limbs from bodies tore,
Whilst thro' both sides, the rapid bullets bore ;
Wide gaps they rend, as thro' the ships they pass ;
And shrouds, * & stays, * hang dangling by the mast :
The human blood, in crimson torrents flows,
With fiercer rage, each naval warrior glows ;
And whilst they eagerly for vict'ry burn,
Volleys, and broadsides (giv'n,) they angrily return.

As thund'ring Jove, the wrathful bolts prepar'd ;
And wrapp'd in flame, the veng'ance high uprear'd ;
With roar impetuous, down the storm he hurl'd
'Gainst Phæton, driving round the burning world.
Unerring roll'd, the great æthereal war,
And dash'd him from Apollo's flaming car.*

So

* • The shrouds, are several large ropes, fasten'd at the mast-head, and come down to the larboard, and starboard side ; there fasten'd to the chain plates, to support the mast, in the rolling of the ship, and when they carry sail, and to these the rattlings are fixed, to go to the mast-head by. The stays are much for the same use, only they come down to the side, &c. on a slant, and are design'd to preserve the mast in its position, when the ship bounds o'er the waves, or plunges with a sudden jerk from the summit of a watry hill, that it may not fall aft, or pitch forward over the ship's head,

So *Hawke* bore down, amid the Gallic fleet,
 And *Conslans* fought, with like assault to greet;
 Larboard,* and starboard,* é'ry foe repell'd;
 But still, the pond'rous war, for *Conslans* held;
 O'er French Magnificence, † victorious drove,
 Which in a frustrate opposition strove:
 This *Conslans* saw, and seem'd on battle bent;
 And 'gainst the Royal George, a broadside sent:
 Who pour'd his torrents fierce, of flame, and balls,
 Struck *Conslans* mute, (and terrify'd the Gauls.)
 As *Phæton* drown'd in blaze; ‡ let drop the reins,
 And

• • It is the sea term, for the right and left side of the ship.

† *Le Superbe*, a French 74 gun ship, which bore down bravely between the Royal George, and *Le Soliel Royal*, to oppose *Adm. Hawke*, who struck her on a career the first broadside, & the second broadside sunk her. The name in English is *Magnificent*, or *Magnificence*.

‡ ‡ ‡ The poets say, *Phæton* being told by his mother, he was the son of *Phæbus*, (that is *Apollo*,) who drives the radiant car of day: he went to the temple of the sun, and being owned by his father, who swore by *Styx*, to grant his request; he demanded to drive the chariot of the sun for a day. *Phæbus* knowing the great, (and certain) danger of the enterprize, long time dissuades him from it: but the adventurous youth, (fir'd by an emulation for glory, and ambitious notions of honour,) vaults into the seat, after much pre-admonition from his father, who griev'd at the consequence. He drove on, the horses soon found their new master, (or rather new driver,) by the unskillful guidance of the rein, and the chariot wanting its proper poize. They grew headstrong, and hurried him thro' the celestial regions; now with a rapid flight, descending near the earth; again, bounding aloft, they whirl'd him thro' the immense space of *Aether*! then starting wide, to right, and left, plung'd among the constellations! he dropp'd

And madly drove along th' æthereal plains,
 The mighty whirl, oppress'd his soul with fear ;
 He sat appall'd, ‡ amid the wild career ;
 No longer now, the foaming steeds confines,
 'Twixt Leo, Ursa, and the Scorpion ‡ signs :
 He fear'd t' advance, wou'd backward fain retreat ;
 And quit Apollo's car, and flaming seat.
 So *Conflans*, from the Bay, wou'd absent be :
 From *Hardy*, *Howe*, & frowning *Hawke* wou'd flee.
 Backward he drove, while pannic fears prevail,
 And left the chariot of the bright Soliel : *
 Shunn'd the loud storm, 'midst which, brave
 Hawke career'd !
 The British bolts, and English light'nings fear'd !
 To Gallia's shore, and certain shipwreck, steer'd !

Each

the reins, and sat appall'd, amidst the career ! was afraid to advance, and could not retreat : but grew terrify'd, amidst the frightful monsters of the skies ! and a new pannic assail'd his heart, as the chariot of the sun approach'd the Scorpion, and when (with the intense heat) he saw him sweat in his poison ! the consequence of all this is, the Heavens are drain'd of all their moisture ; the earth is parch'd ; the sea boils to its bed ; and all nature lies gasping in one universal calcure ! at length, Jove lifted the avenging bolt ; and with unerring aim, sent it wing'd with lightning, and dash'd him from Apollo's car !

* When Admiral Hawke had sunk the *Superbe*, he bore down upon *Conflans*, who stood one broadside, and ran, making a signal for all the fleet to do the like ; and at last, rather than fight Admiral Hawke, he drove on shore, and his ship was burnt ; after being quitted by *Conflans* and his crew.

Each sternmost ship, to cloſer action glides ;
 And bellows death, from fulminating ſides.
 Rouz'd to ſee *Hawke*, miſt dangers, ſmoak, and
 flame,

They crouded ſail, and to the battle came.
 As hungry Lions, (pawing to engage,)
 With laſhing tails, will work themſelves to rage ;
 So theſe, to patriot wrath, their ſouls had wrought ;
 For board, and board, ſeem'd ev'ry warrior's thought.

The gallant *Speke*, * with Reſolution * arm'd ;
 True Briton like, for great atchievements warm'd ;
 Down from the ſtaff, the hoſtile banner tore ;
 And ſilenc'd all the Formidable's * roar :
 And *Howe*, † Magnanimous ! † with courage ſtor'd,
 Bore down, and clapp'd the Heros cloſe on board ;
 Who ſtruck, o'erpower'd, no longer dar'd t'engage ;
 While Theſee ‡ ſunk, beneath brave *Keppel*'s rage.

Baird,

*** Capt. *Speke*, commanded his Maſteſty's ſhip, *Reſolution*; engag'd the *Formidable* ; the French rear Admiral, and took him, after a desperate cannonading.

†† Lord *Howe*, in his Maſteſty's ſhip *Magnanime*, engag'd the *Heros*, board, and board, which in little odds of half an hour, did ſo much execution, that ſhe ſtruck ; but afterwards drove on ſhore.

‡ The honourable *Augustus Keppel*, in the *Torſay*, engag'd the *Theſee*, and ſunk her the ſecond broadſide.

Baird, § for renown, most resolutely strove,
And thro' the line, with bold Defiance § drove :
Two line of battle ships, (with hostile roar,)
Down on his ship, to close engagement bore :
Their joint attack, he bravely scorn'd to shun,
But gave 'em roar, for roar, and gun for gun.

Intrepid * Maplesden, * and Bentley * bold ;
Thro' the French line, 'midst gloomy veng'ance roll'd ;
Whilst Rowley, || Gambier, || Dennis, || onward croud, }
Like Jove's artill'ry, in a thunder cloud, }
And brave Obrien, || join'd the concert loud. }
Shirley, † as bravely join'd the warlike throng,
And hurl'd destruction, as he plung'd along.
With England's dread Revenge, ‡ Storr ‡ fiercely came,
And roar'd out Frenchmen's fate, in British flame.

Resolv'd

§ § Capt. Baird, commanded the ship Defiance, and engag'd.

§ § § Capt. Maplesden, commanded the ship Intrepid, and engag'd.
§ § § Sir John Bentley, in the Warspight, likewise engag'd.

|| || || Capt. Rowley, in the Montague ; Capt. Gambier, in the
Burford ; Capt. Dennis, in the Dorsetshire ; and Capt. Obrien, in the
Essex ; all likewise engag'd. And here I shou'd have mention'd Capt.
Campbell : but as I have mention'd Admiral Hawke, in the Royal
George ; and as it is well known Mr. Campbell is Captain of the Royal
George, it may be taken for granted, Capt. Campbell was in the
midst of danger, and in the very center of the engagement.

† Capt. Shirley commanded the Kingston, and engag'd.

‡ ‡ Capt. Storr commanded the Revenge, and engag'd.

Resolv'd to fight, by *Hawke's* example fir'd ;
 And Gallia's fleet confusedly retir'd ;
 Whilst some in tardy blaze, consume away,
 And add new horrors, to the dreadful fray.
 Here lower masts, are tumbled o'er the side,
 There ships descend, amid the briny tide,
 Which all their flame, & harmless thunder drown'd ;
 Whilst *Hawke*, and Britons shout, with conquest
 crown'd.

Those, whom ill fortune from the fight detain'd,
 With visible regret, astern remain'd.

For war they burn'd, with warring hearts elate,
 But mortals cannot guide the hand of fate :

Altho' their souls, the ships anticipate.

When stern Achilles, (with remorseless mind ;)

The field * of fame, the toils of war * declin'd,

Between

•• In the twentieth book of Homer's *Illiad*, we have Achilles speeding from tent to tent, and warming the hearts of the myrmidonian leaders, just going to battle, (to save the Grecian fleet,) under the conduct of Patroclus; and we have them, and the troops represented, as standing round their Chief. A grim, terrific, formidable band; like voracious wolves, rushing a hideous throng, to slake their thirst, after a glut of laughter! and present a deathful view! and we may judge of their uneasiness, and regret, at being detain'd from the battle, by the expressions which Achilles uses to them; calling them far fam'd! fierce! and brave Myrmidons! tells them to think what threats they dar'd the Trojans! and what reproach his ears had so long endur'd! calling him stern Son of Peleus! whose rage defrauded them of so fam'd a field! &c. and adds, lo! there the Trojans! this day shall give you all your souls demand! &c.

Between the rampart, and the swelling flood,
The fretful Myrmidonian leaders stood.
Oft as they heard the animating shout,
Oft as they saw the Grecians put to rout,
As oft their mighty souls were in a glow,
To rush all clad with death, upon the chacing foe.

So these croud on, vex'd with heroic rage,
To see their friends, and countrymen engage :
At each broadside, they glow'd with fiercer flame,
To reap the harvest of immortal fame.
For desprate battle, ev'ry bosom burn'd,
The tardy progress of the vessels mourn'd.
The topmasts bend, sails split, and halliards break,
The dormant thunder, on each well clear'd deck,
In hollow tubes, from ev'ry yawning side,
Portended dreadful, o'er the swelling tide.
Each British tar, well pleas'd, to quarters stood,
(And ponder'd on the future scene of blood,)
As on, they labour'd thro' the briny flood.
No discontented tar like hints we hear,
As if they lagg'd, inspir'd by grov'ling fear:
No lack of courage, to their charge is laid;

K

They

They caught each blast ; each useful sail was spread :
 Full on the Gallic line, resolv'd they steer'd ;
 Who tack'd, made sail, the close engagement fear'd !

Each brave commander, martial zeal exprest,
 And long'd to bring his honour to the test :
 Seem'd anxious, some resolved foe to meet,
 But night came on, and sav'd the Gallic fleet.
 Against the yielding foe, our tars complain'd ;
 And slighted conquest, easily obtain'd.
 Each man was full of cool delib'rate rage,
 And hop'd the French wou'd sturdily engage ;
 Shot, stores, and guns, they sunk amid the main !
 And fled for safety, to the shoal Villaine !
 Britain rejoic'd ! perfidious Gallia mourn'd !
 Her royal navy, taken, sunk, or burn'd !
 Her cities, forts, isles, towns, and all her schemes
 o'erturn'd !

End of BOOK IV.

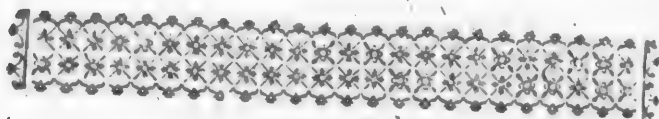
The



The ARGUMENT.

BRITANNIA represented, clad in terrors! and leaning on Pitt; (like Achilles, reclin'd on his spear, after the carnage he had made among the Trojans, in revenge for the death of Patroclus.) A recapitulation of Great-Britain's victories, both by sea and land, the French terror! Thurot rushing forth to war against the English, (like a Tyger, to hunt his prey, without his teeth and claws.) His landing on the Irish coast. Taking Carrickfergus, and laying Belfast under contribution. The Hibernian zeal, and bravery of the few troops there; rending the battlements of the castle of Carrickfergus, and flinging stones on the enemy for some time, after all their ammunition was spent! the consternation of the French at their intrepidity! their sullen submission; (like our gallant troops at C. &c.) The French retreat, and re-imbarkation. Their joy damp'd (like the Amalekites, who spoil'd Ziklag,) when the Captains Elliott, Clements, & Logie, in the *Æolus*, *Brilliant*, & *Pallas*, bore down to engage. The fight, and Thurot's death; with the French submission. An address to Lewis, with a recital of the gallantry of our matchless tars, and intrepid troops! a few similies on George the second; like eagle mounted Jove, directing the thunder against Gaul, &c. &c. &c.

WAR:



W A R :

B O O K V.

Britannia, (long, for feats of arms renown'd,)
In terrors clad! with num'rous vict'ries crown'd!
Leaning on *Pitt*, as if to breathe awhile;
She stood, and cast a fierce indignant smile!
Like great Achilles, on his spear reclin'd,
The war revolving, in his martial mind;
Most greatly pleas'd, 'twixt rage, and stern disdain.
He smiling, frown'd, across the Phrygian plain,
O'er slaughter'd heaps of Trojans, by him slain. }
So stood Britannia, pleas'd, serene, sedate;
Completely arm'd, victoriously elate.
Her dreadful shores, appear'd one hallow'd bound; }
Her horse, and foot, rang'd on her frontier ground: }
Her navy girded her with terrors round.
At distance stood, (as thunderstruck!) the Gaul;
Amidst Quebec's and Louisbourg's downfall:

Goree,

Gorce, and Guadaloup, in ruin lay;

And Senegal, had felt the like dismay.

Their fleets, could not our fleets attack sustain;

Some at Lagos, some founder'd at Villaine;

Some burnt, some sunk, amid the swelling main.

A panic dread, prevail'd at Land, and sea;

They struck, or fled, in swift affright away,

As doves from Jove's imperial bird of prey.

They turn'd their backs, (as wonted) to the chase:

All fear'd, at least few dar'd, to shew their face.

Till Thurot rose, (to hide the Gallic shame;)

And rashly fir'd, sail'd forth to gain a name:

And like a Tyger, from his lurking den,

Rush'd on, supported by a thousand men:

But in such plight, to back his daring cause,

He seem'd to hunt his prey, without his teeth and
claws!

Of this, (perhaps,) the Gaul will proudly boast;

He landed on Hibernia's naked coast!

So cowards, may the Lions den assail,

And boast from thence, the new whelp'd cubs they
steal;

Whilst

Whilst both old Lions, thro' the forest roam,
 And search for prey, far distant from their home:
 But shou'd loud roar, bespeak the lions near,
 As if their final knell, had peirc'd their ear,
 They steal, (nay fly) away, absorb'd in speechless
 fear!

This place, *Thurot*, almost defenceless found,
 And boldly dar'd to tread Hibernian ground:
 At Carrickfergus, he plunder made,
 And Belfast, under contribution laid:
 Not till th' Hibernians had their powder spent,
 And from the base, their mural hopes had rent! *
 With native zeal! and patriotic glow!
 They flung the ramparts * on the charging foe!
 Forgetting they expos'd themselves unarm'd;
 So much the battle had their bosoms warm'd.

So

* * When those who landed from *Thurot's* squadron, attack'd Carrickfergus, the few soldiers, we had there, with an heroic zeal, and with a bloody toil, made them dearly buy their victory! for when all their ammunition was spent, they flung the stones off the ramparts on the advancing enemies! and held them in play for some time, as if they had forgotten the rapid execution of powder and ball; and that whilst they demolish'd the battlements, they left themselves expos'd to the enemy's shot!

So rush'd unarm'd, the Spartan † from the bath,
Seiz'd on his spear, and full of martial wrath,
He plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of foes,
Who thought some God had dealt destructive blows!
They stood amaz'd! † or join'd the tim'rous rout;
Whilst he spread death, and terrors round about!
As stood at gaze, the halting * half scar'd Gauls!
'Midst dashing show'rs, of Carrickfergus walls!
From engines, mortars, slings, nor cannon flung!
But from Hibernian nerves, for warlike action strung!

Thus

† † This was a Spartan warrior; who one day, happen'd to be bathing in a city besieg'd; when the enemy rushing suddenly, and furiously on, had like to have enter'd triumphantly: and on hearing the alarm of war, and that the city was like to be carried by a general assault, he leapt from the bath, laid hold of his spear, and plung'd among the charging enemy; and dealt his vengeance amongst the thickest ranks; who seeing him take such deathful strides! naked, and unarm'd! inclos'd by a brazen, iron, and steely war! superstitiously thought some deity had assum'd a human shape, to bring destruction thro' their cohorts! and turn the sway of battle! they stood transfir'd, with a religious awe! fell unresisting, beneath his oft transpiercing spear! or join'd the general rout, as he strode to different parts of the field, and chang'd the scene of action!

• When the French found themselves so resolutely oppos'd, by our handful of men at Carrickfergus, after all their ammunition was spent; they halted in a sort of a half scar'd gaze, as if in suspense, whether they shoud advance, stand the charge, of those few brave men, or make a shameful retreat: and doubtless, one or two rounds more of Hibernian rhetoric, wou'd have rais'd their pannick to such a height, as to have confirm'd them in an instant resolve, and have made them retire in confusion!

Thus in a thick descending stony show'r !
 They fought 'gainst numbers, and superior pow'r ;
 The charging shocks, themselves, like ramparts bore,
 Till they cou'd rend the stubborn walls no more :
 Then like the troops at Cas ; † they sullen frown'd,
 And flung their useless muskets on the ground :
 Not till like them, they'd well the fight sustain'd,
 And from the victors, almost vict'ry gain'd !

The news no sooner reach'd our half starv'd foes,
 Our freeborn troops, and brave militia rose,
 Than like a herd of deers, with timid mind,
 And hungry wolves, in close pursuit behind ;
 From Ireland's shores, they fled in haste away,
 Quick reimbarc'd, and weigh'd, and put to sea ;
 And thought (o'erjoy'd!) to make their native shore ;
 With conquest flush'd, and fed with English store :
 But *Thurot* first must fall, and hundreds more. }
 So once, Amalekites, weak Ziklag spoil'd ;
 But David's breast, with manly ardour boil'd !

He

† It is well known, how fiercely, and resolutely, our troops at Cas fought, being about fifteen hundred on shore, against eleven battalions ; (and they on friendly ground :) and likewise, with what reluctance they submitted to an overpowering enemy, when all their ammunition was expended.

He chac'd, and fought, and kill'd, retook the prey,
Their triumph damp'd, in death, and cold dismay.

Now *a* Clements, *a* Logie, *a* Elliott, brave, bore down,
To meet Thurot, with formidable frown :

With wonted rage, like England's naval Sons,
They fought, huzza'd, and ply'd Britannia's guns,

Stern *Æolus* *, began the rough attack ;
And flung (untrimm'd,) their bloated sails aback.

Onward he came, in a most direful form,
And roar'd tremendous ! in a sulph'rous storm !

Thro' ev'ry ship, a pannic fright prevails :
The tacks grew usefess, as the flutt'ring sails.

In Brilliant † trim, war's mighty goddess ‡ frown'd !
She roar'd in flame ! and death was in the sound !

Elliott, and Clements, and Logie, grew warm ;
And near Thurot, they roll'd the loud alarm.

(Thurot, whom (tho' a foe,) we scarcely blame,
Who bears a gen'rous, manlike warrior's name !)

L

To

aaa The three Captains, of the *Æolus*, Brilliant and Pallas,
which engaged the *Belleisle*, *Terpichore*, and *Le Blond*, Monsieur
Thurot's Squadron.

* The ship *Æolus*, and *Æolus* is the god of the winds.

† The ship *Brilliant*, one of the three, which engag'd Monsieur
Thurot's squadron.

‡ The ship *Pallas*, who with the *Æolus*, and *Brilliant*, engag'd
Thurot's squadron. *Pallas* is the Goddess of war.

To cloſer fight, they eagerly advance,
 Rive the French ſhips, and check the pride of France.
 The fight grew hot, thick flew the Engliſh balls ;
 And death flew fore and aſt, among the Gauls :
 The brave, the raſh Thurot, became his prey !
 And terror fill'd the French, with dread diſmay ;
 As twice of late, when Boſcawen, and Hawke,
 Miſt fulminating tars, and clouds of ſulph'rous
 ſmoke,

To Conſlans, & De Clue, in Britiſh thunder ſpoke !
 Their guns grew mute, they aſk for quarter call'd,
 And down (in fear,) the Gallic enſigns haul'd.
 Again they come, and tread our fatal coaſt,
 Dejected, maim'd, and all their plunder loſt.

Lewis ! be warn'd, and ſend thy men no more,
 To tread Hibernia's, or Britannia's ſhore.

Whiſt Hawke, Boſcawen, Holmes, and Saunders
 roam,

Abroad for fame ; and Pitt commands at home !
 Whiſt England owns, ſo many gallant tars ;
 And brave commanders, for the naval wars :

Whiſt

Whilst Scotchmen, can their dreaded broad swords
wield,

With English, and Hibernians, take the field,
Who with their leaders brave, at danger smile ;
Firm leagu'd, like troops of death, to guard our
isle !

Whilst Britons serve great GEORGE, with filial fear,
Who with his Son, and brave old Ligonier,
At Dettingen, like lions, fierce in fight,
Routed main corps, and put gens d'armes to flight :
Whilst King, and Peers, and Council, hand in hand,
Back'd by the body of the nation stand ;
Resolv'd to save, wives, children, lands, and laws ;
And Heav'n Propitious, smiles upon the cause !
Thy men, as well, may safely think to tread,
Nightly unarm'd, thro' Africa's dread shade ;
Where lions, tygers, pards, (fierce beasts of prey,)
Roar in the pass, and dam the dang'rous way,
As e'er expect, in France, to make their boast,
We victors came, from Britain's dreaded coast !

As when the riving bolts, are fiercely hurl'd
By Jupiter, to scourge the rebel world ;

From

From strong Olympus' height, the thunder growls,
 And wrapp'd in flame æthereal, onward rolls :
 Like eagle mounted Jove, in awful form,
 GEORGE, against Gaul, directs the thund'ring storm.
 East, west, north, south, with rapid speed He flies,
 The Lords, and Commons, venerable, wise,
 May well be call'd, His eagle's watchful eyes. }
 His body, neck, and mighty sweeping tail,
 The triple union, Britain's common weal.
 To His strong pinions, we may well compare
 The Honest Pitt ! and Brave old Ligonier !
 The Tars, and Troops, His talons may be call'd,
 By whose strong gripe, proud Gallia's sides are
 gall'd !
 As with his bill, he seizes tim'rous hares,
 Crushes their bones, and them in pieces tears,
 Brave Hawke, and Boscawen, in pieces break
 The Gallic fleets, and may be call'd His beak !

End of BOOK V.



THE ARGUMENT.

THE French in Canada, (like a man wash'd from a wreck at sea, and striving to gain the shore :) emerging from the wreck of fifty-nine, as if resolv'd on conquest: and to perform something greatly memorable. Their armament in the spring of sixty, and march towards Quebec; join'd by the savage people, in league with them. General Murray, with our other heroic commanders, and troops, rousing to battle. The disposition of our troops, and by whom headed. The closing of the battle. Major Dalling's behaviour. Him and his officers wounded, and his men rushing on without them, driving the enemy, first broken, to their main corps, and after, to the rear of their army. The French attack on our right. Capt. Ince distinguish'd, with Otway's, and the French twice bravely sustain'd, and repuls'd! the left dispossess the enemy from two redoubts. The reserve brought into action. Rouffillon's regiment marching up, and penetrating. General Murray's retreat. Due distance kept by the French. The friendly, (daring) action of an Irish serjeant of Bragg's, left wounded on the field of battle, to preserve an English volunteer from being scalp'd by six Indians. He kills three,

three, and the other three flee. A French officer endu'd with humanity; defends him from the other savages; and that they may not kill them as they threaten'd, he sends both into Quebec. The French attack Quebec, but in vain. The gallant defence made by our troops. The arrival of Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg, and Dean. Their attack of the French frigates, &c. above the town, and destroying them. The French desert their trenches, and leave ammunition, baggage, field pieces, mortars, tools, &c. &c. &c. A savage nation joins in league with Great-Britain. The fall of Montreal. An address to the Americans; on the reduction of Canada. The goodness of Providence displayed to Great-Britain, and its colonies. Animadversions on George the Second. His wars, victories, and death; and the sorrow it occasion'd. A re-numeration of his humane qualities, and royal worth. The sorrow for his death, dissipated, by the pleasing reflection of being possess'd of George the Third; ascending the Throne of his much-lov'd Grandfather: possess'd of all his royal virtues, and amiable qualities.

W A R :

B O O K VI.

NOW like a man fatigu'd, and wanting breath,
Wash'd from a wreck, (incircled round
with death :

Who plunging on, amid the surging bar ;
Rais'd on a wave, beholds the welcome shore.
The land he views, (with eager longing eyes,)
With efforts strong, each nerve he nimbly plies ;
More briskly swims, as if before untir'd,
In hopes to gain the landing place desir'd :
But soon depress'd, beneath a boist'rous wave ;
He slacks, despairs, and seeks a wat'ry grave.
So Gauls, emerging, from the dreadful wreck
Of fifty-nine, advanc'd towards Quebec.
As if forgetting, what they'd lately felt ;
The veng'ance, Amherst, Wolfe, and Saunders
dealt !

Resolved

Resolved seem'd at first, the war to wage,
 As if inspir'd with new heroic rage !
 But recollecting Wolfe ! and fifty-nine
 They soon grew cool, and quitted their design.

The spring arriv'd, the gath'ring troops of France,
 With eager speed, towards Quebec advance.
 And to the war, (from wild Canadia's lands ;)
 They drew the fierce, the savage scalping bands.
 Their near approach, our garrison alarms ;
 And Murray, Fraser, Burton, rous'd to arms,
 Their warring zeal burst forth, in flaming glow !
 Midst piercing cold ! midst chilling frost, and snow !
 Active t' infatuate, and counteract the foe !
 The brave Macdonald, march'd the foe t' engage ;
 Who rescu'd Peyton † from Canadian rage.
 With these, bold Ince, and Dalling, sally'd forth ;
 Pleas'd with the war ! and full of martial worth !
 Scotch, English, Irish, by these heroes led ;
 Most bravely fought ! and for their country bled !

Fraser

† Capt. Macdonald, (a Scotch gentleman,) at the unsuccessful landing at Quebec, was the means of saving Mr. Peyton, (an Irish gentleman,) from about 30 Indians, marching down to scalp him, after the battle. See the British Magazine, of January 1760, and the Siege of Quebec.

Frazer the brave, in war's dread science skill'd,
 Led Highland Troops, and *Townshend's* to the field.
Lascelles's, and *Kennedy's* with *Frazer* came ;
 In quest of death, or elf of deathless fame ;
 These the left wing compos'd, and gain'd a glorious Name!

The daring *Murray*, (with a stern delight,)
 His Troops surveys, and ruminates the fight.
 Alert they stood, with animating glow,
 (To give the charge, and rush upon the foe ;)
 They numbers scorn'd, and onward march'd elate,
 T' outface grim death ! and ravish mighty fate !
 Serenely brave, each Soldier seem'd to know
 'Tis courage aims, and strikes the conqu'ring blow ;
 Quebec's great Conq'ror, *Murray's* bosom fir'd,
 And *Wolfe*, tho' dead, each Warrior's soul inspir'd :
 So from the flaming nest, old Poets sing,
 Another Phœnix, stretches on the wing.

Now front, to front, they clos'd, the battle rag'd,
 Where *Dalling's* corps, conspicuously engag'd.

M

Fiercely

Fiercely the French, the British charge sustain,
Till backward forc'd, (like chaff,) they spread the
plain.

Onward the Soldiers rush, (unaw'd by fear,)
And leave their wounded * Leaders in the rear;
Chace as they flee, advance as they retire,
Oppose the French main corps, and take the gen'ral
fire:

Again they rally, charge, again retreat.
Back to the rear, and own the rout complet.

Now on our right, their main corps made attack,
Attempted twice, and twice were driven back.
The great soul'd *Murray*, deigns this truth to own,
There *Otway's* fought, brave *Ince* distinguish'd
shone.

Amherst's

* Here Major *Dalling*, and several of his Officers were wounded;
but his Men rush'd on without 'em, and drove the enemy.
they first attack'd, to the main corps, and afterwards to the rear.
For a full account of this, and the whole battle, vide General
Murray's letter to the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary *Pitt*, in
the Extraordinary Gazette, which contains a perfect account
of the whole action, according to the following lines.

Amherst's, Americans, were there dispos'd ;
 With Anstruther's, and Webb's ; these the right
 wing compos'd ;
 Stood firm as Fate. (unshock'd,) when twice the
 battle clos'd !

Mean while, the left, with emulating glow,
 From two redoubts, they dispossess'd the foe.
 Indians, Canadians, Regulars repel,
 Victorious chac'd, or vanquish'd, bravely fell.
 The* center, and reserves, their station chang'd ;
 Advanc'd and wheel'd, in different order rang'd.
 Our little army, none inactive knew ;
 Each felt the shock, as warm the battle grew :
 Ten thousand French, by Savages sustain'd,
 Three thousand Britons charg'd, and long the fight
 maintain'd !

Thus like two scales, with equipond'rous weight,
 Both parties toil'd, to fix the doubtful fight,

M 2

The

* N. B. About this time, the third battalion of Royal Americans, from the reserve, and Kennedy's from the center, were bro't up to the action. Vide Gen. Murray's letter, and my account of the battle.

The English Troops, (to battle much inur'd,)
 The oft repeated charges firm endur'd ;
 With minds resolv'd, call'd all their ardour forth ;
 And made the Frenchmen feel their warlike worth.
 The wounded dropp'd, another straight appear'd,
 Sent leaden Fate, or else a broad sword rear'd.

Now Roussillon's* march'd up, to fresh attack,
 Pierc'd like a wedge, and bore the Britons back.
 As growling Lions, on Arabia's Plain,
 Hunters, and dogs, in slow retreat sustain ;
 So Murray, and his Troops, by might born down,
 March slowly off, and fierce defiance frown !
 As slow the French advanc'd, (as if in fear,)
 Due distance kept, nor dar'd to close the rear :
 Dear bought experience, made their forces feel
 Th' effect of Bay'net fight, and biting Highland
 Steel.

To where a Briton, and Hibernian lay,
 Six scalping plund'ers, thither bent their way.

Th

* A French regiment of Roussillon, which penetrated.

Th' Hibernian * rous'd, the savages drew near,
To seize, and scalp, an English Volunteer.
Like gallant *Peyton*†, in the barb'rous strife,
To save his Friend's brave *Ochterlony's* Life;
His weapon launch'd, transfix'd two Indians
thro'!

Like Jove's own bolt, askance the halbert flew!
The second blow, another savage flew!

Tho' thrice his number, still unwounded stood,
The sanguin'd halbert, chill'd their vital blood!
They cow'r'd beneath the blow, (with abject fear!)
As ‡ *Turnus*, when *Æneas* launch'd his spear!
To flight, (like genuine cowards,) quick they yield,
And leave th' Hibernian conq'ror on the field!

M 3

Perchance

* This was an Irishman, a serjeant of *Bragg's*, who had receiv'd a shot in the breast, and cou'd not retreat with the rest; who fell'd two of the Indians at one blow, with his halbert; and with a second blow, kill'd a third; as six of them were about to scalp an English volunteer, which lay near him, with a dangerous wound in his leg; and on three being kill'd, the other three fled. This is by letters from America, in the news.

† The intrepid behaviour of Capt. *Ochterlony*, and Lieut. *Peyton*, is mention'd in the unsuccessful landing at Quebec. The whole story may be read at large, in the British Magazine of Jan. 1760, and in my siege of Quebec.

‡ In the *Æneid*, 'tis said, *Turnus* cow'r'd in fear, when *Æneas* launch'd his spear at him, in combat, before the walls of Laurentum, in Italy.

Perchance there stood, within th' Hibernian's call,
 A gen'rous great soul'd foe ! a humane Gaul :
 Who with his Corps, (quite void of hostile wrath ;)
 Travers'd the field of carnage, blood, and death.
 To him he * call'd ; and begg'd he'd save their lives,
 From savage rage, and Indian scalping knives :
 In anxious sort, to him, his arms he rear'd,
 Who turn'd, and saw, and touch'd with mercy
 heard !
 As Sol's bright blaze, dispels the shades of night,
 He frown'd, forbid, turn'd human brutes to flight :
 Blest with a soul, compassionate, and mild,
 He smooth'd his brow, and full of pity smil'd !
 To make the act compleat, he stopp'd not here,
 But order'd dressing, and a decent care :

And

the serjeant had lain three of the Indians dead, and the other three fled ; he call'd to a French Officer which stood near him, with many of his men, and begg'd he would be so good as to protect them, from being barbarously murder'd in cool blood, by these barbarians. (For there were several parties still scouting round the field, stripping the dead, and murdering, mangling, and scalping the wounded, according to their usual custom.) The Officer very generously protected them, and order'd them to a place of safety ; and to preserve them from being butcher'd by the savages in the French army, (who with the greatest indignation, and cruel wrath, vow'd revenge for their brothers ;) he the next day sent them under a proper guard into Quebec. A noble instance of French Politeness ! and hostile Generosity !

And then to make the savage threat'ning vain,
 Who vow'd revenge for scalping kinsmen slain,
 From chosen Gauls, (the savages to check,)
 Murray receiv'd them safely at Quebec.
 Had Richlieu been like him, politely brave,
 Orphans at Zell, had 'scap'd a flaming grave.

Mean while, our Troops, back to the fort retir'd ;
 'Gainst which the foe, (with hard earn'd conquest
 fir'd,

Indians, Canadians, and the well train'd Gauls,) }
 With vain attempt, ply'd useles Bombs, and
 Balls ;

Murray commanded there, and Britons mann'd
 the Walls. }

English, and French, engag'd with mutual hate ;
 And guns, and mortars, belch'd alternate Fate :
 With hardy Troops, Quebec was amply stor'd ;
 And on the ramparts, six score cannon roar'd.
 All stand the test, like links, in one great chain,
 Ward off the threaten'd Fate, and well the siege
 sustain.

Now

Now *Swanton*, *Schomberg*, *Dean*, approach'd the
walls ;

Brought *Murray* joy ; but terrors to the Gauls.

Ready for war, with wonted naval glow,

And great vivacity, they fought the foe.

With English speed, above the town they glide ;

Their Souls anticipate the rapid tide ;

And fascination flies from each portending side.

When Britain's flag beyond the walls appear'd,

With panic struck, the dastard Frenchmen fear'd.

Like wax their hearts became, or melting snow,

And shipwreck chose, rather than fight the foe.

Brave *Swanton*, *Schomberg*, *Dean*, each active Tar,

Roll'd on astern, in gloomy thund'ring war :

In pistol shot, next board and board, they came ;

And hurl'd Great-Britain's fierce destructive flame,

A quadrate ruin, 'gainst the Gauls conspires ;

Rocks, water, tars, and black sulphureous fires.

Eager for fight, to grapple with the foe,

Resolv'd to strike, a home deciding blow ;

The

The gallant *Dean*, absorb'd in warlike flame,
To shipwreck steer'd, and gain'd a lasting fame,

As if the French, were act'd by one soul,
Or sympathetic Fate had rul'd the whole ;
The Troops on shore, (o'erwhelm'd with mighty
dread,)

In silent terror, from their trenches fled :
Precipitate, retrud their former path ;
At *Jacques*, shelter'd from the British wrath.
Field-pieces, mortars, powder, shells, and shot ;
Provision, baggage, tools, were all forgot !

Murray, with unexpected joy, survey'd
The camp, with gallic wealth, profusely spread !
And heaps on heaps, (tenfold,) his former loss
repaid* !

Such was their speed, such their internal fear,
That *Murray* cou'd not overtake the rear !

A

* When first General *Murray* march'd out with his Troops, to meet, and oppose the French, marching towards *Quebec* ; in his retreat, he left several field-pieces behind. But now, he found in the enemy's abandon'd camp, so many field, or battering-pieces, so much baggage, provision, ammunition, &c. of every sort, as would make almost a tenfold retribution.

A savage nation, (to our rage expos'd.)
In friendly league, with conq'ring Britain clos'd.

Gauls, and Canadians, sink, in wild dismay,
And black despair, without one friendly ray.
Whilst GEORGE, o'er Montreal, extends his
sov'reign sway.

Frenchmen, ne'er cou'd Britannia's Troops engage,
Nor stand the shock of England's fourfold rage:
These

- Whoever reads the extra Gazette, which contains the letter from General Murray, (Governor of Quebec,) to the Right Honourable William Pitt, Esq; containing the French siege of Quebec, and raising the siege; with the battle between his, and their Troops; will I believe on the perusal find, that the encomiums which General Murray was generously pleas'd to give to the brave, and indefatigable Mr. Burton, Fraser, Dalling, Ince, and Macdonald; and the bold and active Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg, and Dean, and to all the Troops, and Tars, in general: I say, I believe they will find, what he there says, to agree with what I have said in my Poem of the same. And that the disposition for the battle, was as I have said, under the same Leaders, whom he expressly says, headed the different Corps, or Battalions, (if I may so call them;) for the Regiments were greatly thinn'd. And they will find in his letter, that such events happen'd, such attacks, and such repulses, and every other incident, as I have mention'd; except that of the Irish serjeant of Bragg's, and the English volunteer, wounded on the field of battle; which was in the news, and said to be by letters from America.

These were Great-Britain's thunderbolts of war ;
 To gallic scalpers, a tremendous Bar !
 Their quadrate* union, gave great GEORGE com-
 mand
 O'er the wide tract, of wild Canadia's land.

XXXXX REJOICE Americans ! rejoice, and sing
 R Your grateful praise, to Heav'n's eternal
 XXXXX King.

All ranks, and ages, tune your joyful Tongues ;
 And to JEHOVAH, raise your grateful songs !
 Who makes dread war, in all your coasts to cease,
 Who gives you respite, tho' He gives not peace !
 Who hath the savage from your borders sent,
 On mischief, and on fell destruction bent !
 The murr'ring hatchet, is no longer fear'd,
 Th' infernal savage yell, no more is heard :
 The gallic scalping blade, is laid aside,
 So oft, in blood, of both the Sexes dy'd !

Veng'ance,

- * By quadrate union, I wou'd be understood to mean, the English, and Provincials, the Scotch, and Irish ; all united, and assisting each other. And when I mention triple union ; I mean, the English, Scotch, and Irish, united.

Veng'ance, is pour'd on cruel *Montcalm's* head ;

The gallic-savage, *Vadrueil* is dead !

For our defence, the Lord was pleas'd t' appear ;

Gave joy ! on joy ! and banish'd ev'ry fear !

With providential arm, our poor endeavours
crown'd ;

And in a flood of conquest, all our troubles
drown'd !

On wings of gratitude, let songs of joy arise,

To Him alone, who rules the Armies of the Skies.

Not for desert, do we these things receive :

But God was Kind, and wou'd those mercies give ;

For, when, *JEHOVAH* spoke the World to view,

And Heav'n with radiant Orbs bespangled grew ;

Full to his sight, the grand production stood ;

And Wisdom infinite, pronounc'd it good ;

From His high Throne, unnumber'd blessings flow,

On all the Nations of the Earth below :

But chiefly, Britain's Isle, enjoy'd his care ;

And down He pour'd his floods of Goodness here :

Eternal Wisdom, flung the Ocean round

Her happy seat, and form'd a sacred Bound,

Whilst

Whilst sweet complacence in the Godhead shone,
This great decree, was issu'd from his Throne:
Be Albion's Isle, a glorious, happy Land;
Rule in strange Climes, and o'er the Waves command:

Let plenty, crown her Glebe, and to her Shore,
Let true Religion waft her heav'nly store.
Almighty Prescience wills, and straight their springs
A Race of warring Heroes, mighty Kings!
Whose great Portraits, wou'd be too long to draw;
Whose wars, struck all the wond'ring World with
awe!

Plenty sprang up, and with cœlestial smile,
Religion came, and bless'd Britannia's Isle.

Great GEORGE the second, now, began his Roign;
Crush'd the French Pow'r, when join'd with haugh-
ty Spain:

When Gallia's monarque fled a-cro's the Rhine,
The glory of that day, great GEORGE was thine!
Each year the much lov'd Monarch fill'd the
Throne,

The Patriot KING, with love paternal shone:

England

England was pleas'd, his age he well sustain'd ;
He gently rul'd, and in each bosom reign'd.

But *Lewis*, now, to British lands pretends ;
BRUNSWICK arouz'd, the cause of truth defends :
Submissive Gaul, America, and India bend !
Wise Heav'n propitious smil'd, when Britons arm'd,
And for stern war, the public bosom warm'd :
With one consent, we all united rose ;
For Liberty we fought, Wives, Children, Laws :
And Heav'n all potent, blest'd the glorious cause !
Our Tars, and Troops, Britannia's veng'ance hurl'd ;
And England's war, affrighted half the World !
Conquests, from ev'ry part, in torrents flow'd .
And Vict'ries, on the heels of Vict'ries roll'd !
Whilst wasting war, thro' half the Globe destroy'd,
The British Isle, tranquility enjoy'd !

We trod the summit of terrestrial Joy ;
But Heav'n design'd us grief, and sad alloy :
Our good old KING descends the silent grave :
(No station from the stroke of death can save :)

Down

Down roll'd the tears, from mournful Britons eyes;
 Each bosom heav'd, with sympathizing sighs !
 The doleful accents sound, from shore to shore,
 GEORGE, the Humane, the Conq'r or is no more :
 GEORGE, the Belov'd, the Merciful, the Kind !
 GEORGE, Britain's KING ; blest'd with a Royal Mind.
 So in a good old age, most nobly spent,
 Great JOSHUA to the grave, in peace was sent ;
 And left the Jews, with mighty Conquests crown'd,
 In gen'ral grief, and sad reflection drown'd.

Tho' mighty GEORGE, cou'd frown like pow'rful
 Fate,

Yet Heav'n's great attribute, he'd imitate :
 When justice drew the sword, to strike the blow,
 Then, then, wou'd streams, of regal Mercy flow !
 Soft pity stood confess'd within his * eye,
 Whene'er he* doom'd the unhappy wretch to die :

Oh !

* I have often heard it reported, that his Majesty King
 GEORGE the second, wou'd generally weep, when he sign'd
 a death warrant for a malefactor. A certain instance, of a
 great, and generous soul : or at least a mind, touch'd with
 a gentle sympathizing pity, for the baseness, and sufferings
 of Mankind.

Oh! He'd forgive ev'n those, who fought his
 Crown!
 But murd'ers sunk beneath his awful frown:
 No honour, or high post, cou'd screen the knave,
 Receiv'd his pay, and was not greatly brave.
 To call to view, his great Perfections forth,
 The glories of his Reign, and Royal worth;
 Oh! 'tis a theme too great, for me to sing;
 O just, much lov'd, great, good, victorious KING.

Still let us hope, great GEORGE the third, shines forth;
 Full of his Sire, and patriotic Worth:
 So after gloomy night, with sweet all-cheering Ray,
 The radiant Sun breaks forth, and blazes welcome
 To y.
 His Worth, his Wars, behoves me now to sing:
 Another GEORGE: another conqu'ring KING.

End of BOOK VI.



The



The ARGUMENT.

THE Continent enjoying respite from War, and scalping butcheries. The preparation of Great Britain, in the fall of 1760, to attack the French, at Belleisle; and their terror, on the coast of France, as the natural consequence; when threatned with a descent, by our troops, and tars. The blow retarded, by the interposition of Providence; having no effect on the disposition of the French; who sullenly awaited the event. His Majesty, GEORGE the third; beginning his reign. Commodore Keppel, and General Hodgson, sent against Belleisle: with the reduction of the island, and the impotent rage of Lewis the 15th. Our fleet scouring the French coast, and the distress of France, and dispersion, and dismay, of its royal navy. Monsieur Bussey, the French Ambassador, and the Count de Fuentes, the Spanish Ambassador, failing in their attempts, for a cessation of arms. Our fleet, watching the sculking French fleet. The Spanish King, vainly threat'ning, to deter England from prosecuting the war. The design against Martinico carried into execution. General Monckton, Admiral Rodney, &c. arriving in St. Anne's bay, at Martinico. Sir James Douglass, with his Squadron, silencing some French batteries along shore. Commodore Swanton attacking some others; and Capt. Hervey, in the Dragon, silencing the battery

of the Grand Ance. Commodore Swanton, and the Captains Shulldham, and Hervey, landing General Monckton, and the troops : Lord Rollo, Brigadier Haviland, with the other intrepid leaders, Rufane, Grant, Walsh, Scott, Vaughan, Massey, Fletcher, Kennedy, Leland, and our animated troops, rushing furiously on to battle ; but retarded by a deep, wide, and steep ravine ; some fearless, descend in haste ; some plunge precipitately down : but soon recover, form, attack, and bear down all before them ! mean while, Brigadier Haviland, with his brigade ; the Highlanders, light Infantry, and Rangers, make another passage across the ravine ; and tread down all opposition. Their joint attack of the French on ev'ry side, and possession gain'd, of Morne Tartenfon. The artillery playing on Morne Garnier, and the citadel, and the battery return'd. The French attack Brigadier Haviland, the Highlanders, light Infantry, and Rangers ; who gallantly sustain'd the shock. Brigadier Walsh, and Col. Grant, advancing fiercely with their corps, to succour them. The French retreating, and chac'd to their walls : The resolution, and activity of our sailors ; dragging chearfully, and laboriously, guns, and mortars, to Tartenfon ; and across the enemy's line of fire. Major Leland, with his corps, taking possession of several redoubts : Walsh, Grant, and Haviland, advancing to sustain him ; and to occupy Morne Garnier's ground. The artillery's battery from thence, on the citadel ; with its surrender : and soon after, St. Lucia, and St. Peter's given up ; not daring to stand the storm of our troops, and tars.

W A R:
B O O K VII.

THE Continent, at length, enjoy'd some peace,
And scalping butcheries began to cease.
Now nearer home, the British thunder roars;
And Gallia trembled thro' her hostile shores:
A pow'rful pannic, ev'ry where prevail'd,
Like that, when Hawke, and Wolfe, and Saunders
fail'd.

Our gallant tars, and soldiers brave, awhile,
Premeditate the blow, against Belleisle:
But † Providence, propitious to the foe;
For all-wise reasons, still retards the blow:

A
† When our armament, was preparing against Belleisle, in the Fall
of 1760; we had many storms, rough, and contrary winds, till it
grew so late, the expedition was dropp'd for the season, and in the
mean time, our good old King dies: But his Grandson, George III.
still carried on the war, with the like vigour, and attack'd Belleisle
with his first vengeance.

A time for cool reflection gave the Gaul,
 E'er GEORGE's veng'ance on their heads should fall:
 Rough adverse winds, became a pow'rful bar;
 And England only threatned France with war.
 Tho' baffled greatly, on the continent,
 The time elaps'd, which gracious heav'n had sent;
 No peace was duly su'd, in proper form:
 But sullen still, they wait the growing storm.

Now long had England's veng'ance dormant lain,
 When GEORGE the third, began his glorious reign;
 The war, his great Grandfather predestin'd,
 Gain'd the full assent of his royal mind:
 Keppel was chose, against Belleisle to go,
 With his prime veng'ance, 'gainst the stubborn foe:
 With him, the gallant Hodgson, likewise sail'd,
 In quest of fame, and gloriously prevail'd!
 The † Isle was one great fort, and ev'ry where,
 Mortars, and cannon, big with death appear;
 By nature steep, not easily assail'd,
 And art made strong, wherever nature fail'd:

But

† The letters from the fleet, and army, against Belleisle, mention'd,
 that the whole island was one fortification, by nature almost; But
 where that fail'd, art, and cannon, supply'd the place.

But Hodgson's fearless soul was full of flame,
 Resolv'd to gain a British Hero's name.
 Keppel had oft been try'd, 'midst death and fire;
 Again, he fiercely glows, with new desire:
 These both unite; their thunders jointly roar,
 And blast this isle, in view of Gallia's shore,
 So two fierce lions, in the lonely wood,
 O'er awe the dam, and seize her shaggy brood:
 The mother bear, o'ercome with great dismay,
 Growls, as they drag her helpless cub away!
 As Lewis view'd Belleisle, and full of grief,
 Resentment frown'd; but dar'd not give relief.

Now rang'd our fleet along the Gallic coast;
 And France could scarce a weak resistance boast:
 Their naval pow'r destroy'd, dispers'd, dismay'd;
 Cou'd not protect their home or foreign trade;
 When lo, they call'd * Hispania to their aid.

With

* About this time, Spain attempted a mediation, and sent the Count de Fuentes; who in concert with Monsieur Bussy, strove to gain their end: but Mr. Pitt, like an honest man, remain'd inflexible: Neither could our King, Great George the Third, be perswaded to grant France a cessation of arms.

With seeming friendship ; but designing guile,
By Spain, Great-Britain was amus'd a while :
But George the third, with sage precaution arm'd ;
For war, or lasting peace, most nobly warm'd,
Would ne'er consent hostilities shou'd cease ;
Nor grant the French, the long wish'd six months
peace.

Tho' Bussy sooth'd, and frown'd, his end to get,
He nothing gain'd, but negatives from Pitt :
Fuentes next, (well fraught with courtiers art,)
Strives to pervert the faithful patriot's heart ;
Great-Britain's minister was so profound,
Their mighty plan, with ill success was crown'd.

Our tars, still roll'd our thunder o'er the main,
In spight of Bourbon, and contracting Spain ;
Ev'n to their ports, pursu'd our sculking foes ;
When a new mark for their resentment rose :
Proud Martinico yet, her bulwarks rear'd,
As if she'd ne'er Britannia's terrors fear'd ;
Great George the third, predestinates the blow,
And dooms her ramparts to an overthrow.

The

The Spaniard, grew more jealous than before,
And growl'd defiance from his hostile shore.

Mean while, the gallant Monckton, rous'd anew,
For foreign war, his troops together drew:
Tho' at Quebec, he † felt the missive lead,
He glows for war, nor feels desponding dread.

Rodney the bold; with England's daring tars;
And the surviving gallant sons of Mars,
Whose war against Belleisle, transfix'd the Gaul;
With Monckton, destin'd Martinico's fall;
In Anna's bay, firm as strong fate combin'd,
In one great dreadful pow'rful union join'd!

The gallant † Douglas, various batt'ries storm'd;
By honour fir'd, the dang'rous task perform'd;

With

† General Monckton, in the battle on the plains of Abraham, before the town of Quebec; receiv'd a shot, thro' the body; which pass'd thro', or very near his lungs.

† Admiral Rodney's letter of the 19th of January, 1762, to Mr. Cleveland, mentions Sir James Douglas, silencing the forts, in St. Anne's bay; and Commodore Swanton, with Capt. Hervey, of the Dragon, who silenced the battery of the Grand Ance, at Martinico,

With him, they stood not long, in fierce dispute,
His direful roar, made Gallia's thunder mute.

* Swanton, who drove their frigates from Quebec,
Prepar'd again, to give their arms a check.
Hervey the brave; by emulation fir'd,
Fiercely attack'd, and gain'd the point desir'd;
Most nobly rous'd, to quell the pride of France,
He silenc'd all the thunder of Grand Ance.

† Now to the shore, (inspir'd by freeborn flame,)
With Britain's warlike leaders, Monckton came.
As Jove, when cloath'd in gloom, (in awful form;)
Launches his bolts, amidst a thunder storm:
Brave † Swanton, † Shuldham, † Hervey, fearless
Tars,
Launch'd on the shore, our dreadful sons of Mars!

With

* Vide my Siege of Quebec rais'd, by Commodore Swanton, &c.

†††† Admiral Rodney's letter to Mr. Cleveland, mentions the disposition of the landing, with Commodore Swanton, and the Captains Shuldham, and Hervey, commanding; one, on the right, one, on the left, and one, in the center: And he likewise mentions, some other things concerning the seamen, as they occur in my poem.

With speed, the fascine batt'ries soon were rear'd,
Whence De la Touche, the thund'ring greeting heard;
Intrepid Grant, † Rufane, † and Rollo † glow,
With Walsli, † and Scott, † to meet, and charge
the Foe:

A thousand † gallant tars, with Monckton lay,
Wishing employ, where danger mark'd the way.

Leaders, and soldiers, burning for the war,
Rush fearless on, in spight of ev'ry bar:
Behold, a boggy * Ravine; wide, and steep;
In which the French a dreadful ambush keep;
As if new dangers had anew inspir'd;
Britannia's troops, with mighty ardour fir'd!

O

Down

+++++ General Monckton mentions this, very particularly, in his Letter to the Earl of Egremont, from Martinico.

* The following, is an extract, from a private letter. A Ravine, is a large hollow, made between hills; occasion'd by sudden currents of water; (which are very frequent, and rapid, at the time of the equinox.) They are of a considerable depth, and not less difficult to get into, than to ascend; as they are tufted over with trees, and brush wood, on ev'ry side; and in many places, cover'd over. These the French lin'd with infantry; but our forces, (resolute, and determin'd to carry the batteries on the other side,) let each other down, (first slinging their musquets:) when they got on the other side, clamber'd up as fast as possible, form'd, and carried all before them. Some were let down precipitately, by the bank's giving way: but they soon recover'd themselves, and join'd their corps.

Down the steep bank, they (like a torrent) roll'd,
With matchless vigor, not to be controul'd!
Some pressing eager, on deceitful ground,
They headlong plung'd, into the wide profound:
But like young eagles, chasing of their prey;
Light they sprung up, soon form'd, and forc'd their
way.

Across the Ravine, (as they nearer drew;)
The hostile and the friendly thunder flew:
Cannons, and infantries, and mortars roar;
Some heroes fall, to rise again no more.

Grant, and his grenadiers, began th' attack;
And drove th' advancing guards of Frenchmen back:
Quickly each corps, to their assistance came,
Eager for glory, emulous of fame.

Mean while, brave Haviland, with his brigade,
Across the gulph, another passage made:
With him brave Caledonians charg'd the Gauls;
Ready to speed, where warlike danger calls:

With

With these, the Rangers to the gulph were led ;
There, the light infantry to battle sped :
The path of honour, thro' the ravine lay ;
Fiercely they charg'd, and hew'd the glorious wa-

At length, a general attack was form'd ;
On ev'ry side, the French were fiercely storm'd :
Now Scott, and his light infantry, for fame,
Midst leaden deaths, and hostile dangers came.
Vaughan,*Massey.†Fletcher,† Kennedy† the brave ;
With Leland,† marks of British courage gave :
Each hero nam'd, with ev'ry corps above ;
For warlike fame, most emulously strove :
The sons of Scotland, made the Frenchmen feel
The mortal weight of Caledonian steel.
British, and Gallic bayonets engag'd ;
Around brave Monckton, death and dangers rag'd :

Gates,

* Read Vaughan, as if spell'd Vaun : for I understand it is a Welsh Name, and spoke in general, like one syllable.

†††† General Monckton, in his letter to the Earl of Egremont, expressly mentions the attack as above ; and speaks very honourably, of the above Commanders, and their corps.

Gates,† and Ricaut, ‡ await on either hand,
 And plunge thro' dangers, when he gives command.
 Now on all sides, the foe began to yield.
 And Monckton stood the conq'ror on the field:
 Quickly our troops, (with toilsome vict'ry crown'd,)
 Gain'd the possession of Tartenson's ground. §

Hostile Morne Garnier, still higher lay;
 'Gainst which, th' artilleries soon began to play;
 From whence, against our troops, their storm they
 bent;
 And death, for death, alternately was sent.

At length, the Frenchmen enviously fir'd,
 To gain a name, most gloriously aspir'd!
 Across the ravine, † they a passage made,
 Against bold Haviland, and his brigade:
 Soon the light infantry, to battle rose!
 And with the rangers, met the charging foes:

With

† † General Monckton's two aid de Camps.

§ A high fortified Hill, opposite Morne Garnier.

† General Monckton's letter, to the Earl of Egremont, mentions
 these passages particularly.

With wonted glow, the Caledonians drew ;
 And full of ardour, to the onset flew :
 Thither sped Walth, and Grant, (with fierce delight,)
 To share the fame, and danger of the fight :
 The daring foe gave way, (and full of dread,)
 Back thro' the ravine ; in disorder sped :
 They fled by thousands ; wing'd with awful fear ;
 As swift ours chac'd, and mingled with the rear :
 As at Quebec, they drove them to the walls,
 And brought from thence, the captivated Gauls.

Let Monckton wish, (the daring deed is done ;)
 With freborn ardour, England's † sailors run ;
 'Midst all the gallic fire, they fearless grew,
 And guns, and mortars, to Tartenfon † drew ;
 Whence on the citadel, they fiercely pour
 Of deadly shot, and shells, an iron show'r.

Leland,

†††† General Monckton, and Admiral Rodney, mention this: and the following, is what Admiral Rodney writes in his letter, of the 10th of February, to Mr. Cleveland. " But this I must say, in justice to those I have the honour to command ; that the intrepidity, and gallant behaviour of the officers, and troops, employ'd on the expedition, could be equal'd only, by the chearful activity of the officers, and seamen ; who contributed every thing in their power, towards the reduction of the place, and made no difficulties, in transporting numbers of heavy mortars, and ship's cannon, up the steepest mountains, at a very considerable distance from the sea ; and across the enemy's line of fire."

Leland, † at length, obtain'd the end desir'd ;
 As he advanc'd, the foe confus'd rear'd :
 Walsh, † Grant, † and Haviland, † soon gather'd
 round ;
 And took possession of Morne Garnier's ground.
 Now near the citadel, our forces drew ;
 The bombs, and balls, from Garnier's summit flew :
 The fierce artill'ry's war, not long they stood ;
 But struck 'their flag, and own'd they were subdu'd.
 St. Peter's, * and St. Lucia's, * much dismay'd ;
 O'eraw'd, and hopeless of European aid ;
 Full of amazement, at Britannia's wars,
 Dreading our forces and our dauntless tars ;
 (With one consent,) to shun the storm accord.
 (Submit,) and own Great GEORGE, their sov'reign
 lord.

†† St. Peter's fort, was where Mons. De la Touche fled, with some
 thousands of his grenadiers, when General Monckton took possession
 of the Citadel, at Martinico ; and the fort of St. Lucia, is another ;
 and both Forts sent to General Monckton, and Admiral Rodney, to
 surrender ; whilst they were preparing to attack them, by sea, & land.

The End of BOOK VII.

T H E

A R G U M E N T.

FRANCE humbled; and the beginning of the Spanish War. His Majesty, King *GEORGE* the third, rousing to war, against his combin'd foes; like *Jove*, against *Pheton*, who sat secure, and view'd the ravage his ambition made. The strength of the Spanish garrison at *Cuba*; the numbers of its defenders; their desperateness, and bravery. The descent made by *Albemarle*, &c. with the troops and tars. The Moor begirt with English terrors. The Spanish resolution, to stand the united assault, of our troops, and the fleet, The battery begun. The *Cambridge*, *Marlborough*, and *Dragon*, engaged the *Moro*, &c. The intrepidity, of *Capt. Lindsay*, of the *Trent* frigate. The general assault ceas'd. A daily cannonade commenc'd, &c. Frequent sallies made by the Spaniards; but are repuls'd.

A sally made, by 1000; neither to give or take quarter: The reception they met, from Britain's animated troops, and their repulse, after a desperate battle, and bloody carnage. They regain the Moro, and again defy the British troops. The Moro blown up. The attack made, under those two brave leaders, Lieut. General Keppel, and Brigadier Haviland. Captain Forbes, at the head of the Royals, fiercely enters the breach. The bravery of the gallant Don Velasco, Governor of the Moro: His station, at the flag staff, and his fall. The Moro taken, and Great-Britain's standard hoisted. The mortality, among the soldiers. The resolution of those which survive. The storm against the town, and Punta fort. A truce desir'd; and the town surrender'd.

BOOK VIII.



W A R :

B O O K V I I I .

THE pleasing task perform'd (at honour's
T call ;

Britain triumphant, and the humbled
'Gaul ;

Hispania's war, my muse again inspires,
New fields, new Heroes, kindle new desires,

Now is my task, to sing a war indeed !

Where Heroes conquer, and where brave Men
bleed.

Such was the war, old *Homer's* numbers tell ;

Where *Hector* brave ; and fierce *Achilles* fell :

Such was the war, where conq'ring Grecians
fought ;

Such was the Vict'ry, which they dearly bought.

P

Here

Here we may trace the hand of Heav'n above;
 Boundless Benevolence, and Godlike Love:
 Mercy unask'd, and undeserving Grace,
 Forever shown, to Britain's thankless Race!
 We ne'er deserv'd th' indulgence of a God;
 But ought to smart beneath His vengeful rod.

From toils of war, Great-Britain cannot cease;
 The jealous Spaniard, will not be at peace:
 The placid GEORGE, (like his humane Grandfire)
 Long bore their insults, and restrain'd his ire:
 Conscious of safety, laid his veng'ance by;
 Yet scann'd their plans, with a most jealous eye.
 When giddy *Phæton*, Sol's bright chariot drove,
 So fat secure, the great imperial Jove:
 But when involv'd in flame, He saw the World,
 From His strong hand, the vengeful * bolt was
 hurl'd
 So England's KING, against combining Foes,
 To terrene, and to naval war arose;

Gainst
 * Vide, my reference to *Phæton*, dash'd from *Apollo's* car, in my
 engagement between Admiral *Hawke*, and *Confians*, in *Quiberon*
 Bay.

Gainst threat'ning Spain, his wasting terrors dealt ;
 His first avenging bolt, th' Havannah felt.
 Thousands of vet'ran Troops, from Spain were
 sent ;
 Bravely resolv'd, and obstinately bent,
 To hold the place, and gallantly defend,
 'Gainst all the pow'r, which we cou'd thither send.
 These were to battle, by brave Spaniards led,
 Strangers to pride, and base desponding dread.
 Lewis ^a Velasco, and ^b Gonfales bold ;
 Whose worth, with pleasure, conq'ring Britons told.
 The prime command, brave Don ^c Velasco bore
 For kindness known, to Englishmen before :
 Who had the name of amiable gain'd ;
 In whose great soul, a humane brav'ry reign'd.
 Next in command, the gen'rous ^d Prado stands ;
 Whose name, in war, a due respect demands.

P. 2

Nor

- ^a A gallant man, and good commander ; wounded, and taken prisoner.
- ^b Don Gonfales, Lieut. Governor of the Moro ; who was kill'd in fight.
- ^c Governor of the Moro Castle ; and who defended it most bravely, to the last extremity : and who had long before, gain'd the regard of the English, by his humanity, good nature, and complaisance to them ; and his good will, to the English Nation.
- ^d Juan Del Prado, Governor of the Town : a brave, great spirited man.

Nor shoud' the naval daring sons of Spain,
 Unnotic'd, in the warlike list remain ;
 Who dar'd with Britain's matchless Tars t' engage ;
 Fac'd gallant *Pocock's* war ! and brav'd fierce *Keppel's* rage !

The wary Foe, had fortify'd the ground ;
 And Troops of Spanish horse, were station'd round :
 Chiefly the Moro ; * proud Hispania's pride,
Pococks, and *Albemarle's*, and *Keppel's* war defy'd :
 But like the three fork'd thunder of the skies,
 When wing'd with light'n'ng, from Olympus flies ;

These

* The Spaniards, we are inform'd, esteem'd the Moro, or Moor Castle, the strongest Fortrefs in the World ; and thought it even impregnable, from the advantage of its situation, the difficulty of access, the strength, and number of its Redoubts, and outworks ; with the number of its cannon, and mortars, and the great strength of the main Garrison itself ; the wall being 50 feet thick : but more than all, they depended on the bravery, and great number of its defendants ; who made a noble, obstinate, and bloody defence ! not giving up when storm'd, till 400, in defence of the place, gallantly resign'd their lives ; and forc'd Great-Britain's animated Heroes, to obtain a laborious Victory : who when they met that brave, and desperate opposition ; eager for glory, collected in their mighty souls, all their warlike ardour ; and like gunpowder confin'd, kindling into flame, bore down all opposition : and meeting with that fierce resistance, made the more rapid conquest.

These three, spread dreadful devastation round;
And riv'd, and flung, the Moro to the ground.

Brave * *Albemarle*, with Britain's * sons of mars,
* *Pocock*, * and *Keppel*, * with our dauntless * Tars,
Fiercely resolv'd, towards the foe they bend,
And on the shore, victoriously descend;
Besiege the Moor, with British terrors round;
And occupy all advantageous ground:
Around the Town, on different heights, they lye;
(The surly foes, th' approaching war defy.)
With one consent, our Troops, and Tars unite;
And rouse each other to the glorious fight;
Their Batt'ries raise, against the destin'd Town:
Hispania's Troops, and Tars, defiance frown.
All that cou'd fire the soul, and chase dismay,
Within this Town, in great abundance lay:
Such heaps of white, and yellow glittering ore,
That avarice itself, cou'd wish no more.

P 3

Within

***** The Soldiers, Marines, and Sailors, join'd with one consent, to attack the place, and with united efforts, built Batteries, dragg'd the cannon, and mortars around, and play'd upon the Moor Castle, and Town: inspiring each other mutually, with resolution, and warlike emulation.

Within the Port, whole trading Fleets remain :
 Twelve of the line ; the royal Ships of Spain.
 Full twenty thousand armed Spaniards there,
 'Gainst Britain's storm, a bold defence prepare ;
 For safety, each destructive method plan ;
 And with the Sailors, guns, and mortars man :
 With sunken ships, they form a dang'rous bar ;
 They dread the thunder of our naval war :
 For now began, our Batt'ry on the shore !
 The Cambridge,* and the Marlborough,* 'gainst
 the Moor,
 In concert with the Dragon,* fiercely roar.
 The Moor, the Town, the Fort, themselves prepare ;
 The gen'ral storm, and Britain's Batt'ry dare :
 Full of intrepid glow, and gen'rous rage,
 Britons, and Spaniards, ardently engage.
 Whilst all Commanders brave, the fight maintain,
 One,* only fears, t' attack the Forts of Spain :
 Amidst the gen'ral glow, and war's alarms,
 Which rouses all, and ev'ry bosom warms ;
 Whilst

***** When the Cambridge, Marlborough, Dragon, and the
 St—rl—g—C—st—le, were order'd on a general attack, to be
 against the Moor Castle, all resolutely brave, went bold-
 ly in, and behav'd extremely well, during the unparalell'd
 cannonade, except Capt. C—m—, in the St—rl—g—C—st—le :
 who came not near enough, to share in the engagement.

Whilst ev'ry one, with British ardour shines,
 with cold indifference, he, the fight declines.
 Britons exulting shouts, on Cuba's shore,
 The trumpets, drums, and friendly cannons
 roar,
 Rouze not his * dastard soul, to battle with the
 Moor !
 Far otherwise, the, gallant *Lindsay's* † Soul !
 Who, long before he heard the thunder growl,
 Or animating shouts, had pierc'd his ears,
 In warlike flame, absorb'd all meaner Fears !
 With manly ardour, and a fierce delight,
 He plunges thro' the terrors of the fight !
 Eager to take a dying Hero's charge,
 Forgets the dangers of an open barge ;
 Speeds to the Cambridge, and with stern disdain,
 Rolls Britain's thunder 'gainst the sons of Spain !

P 4

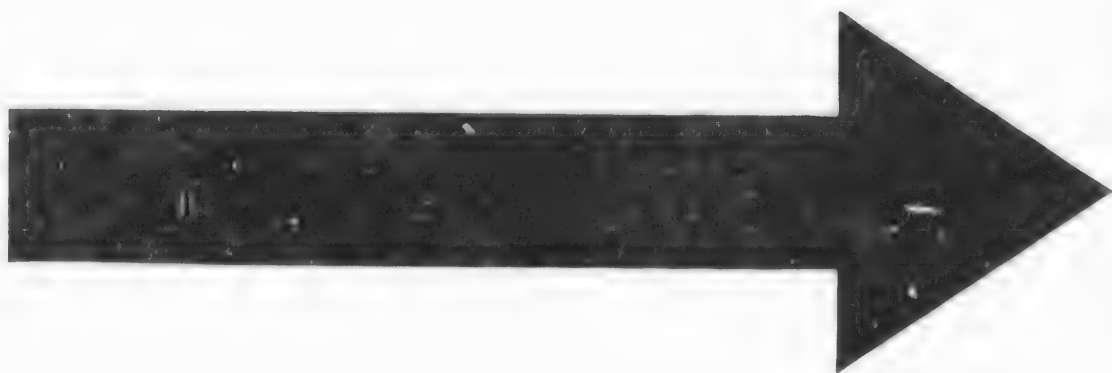
Britain's

† Capt. *Lindsay*, of his Majesty's Frigate, the *Trent* : who when the 4 Men of War, were order'd to batter the Moor Catile, waited on Admiral *Peacock*, and represented to him ; that as he commanded only a Frigate, he cou'd be of no service, or acquire Honour ; therefore requested, that if any of the 4 ships lost their Captains, he might be permitted to take the command, during the cannonade : which request was granted ; and in about 5 minutes, the Cambridge threw out the signal, for the Captain being kill'd ; when Capt. *Lindsay*, put off from the *Trent*, in his Barge ; and through a most terrible fire, got on board the Cambridge, and fought her most gallantly, till she, and the other 2 ships, were order'd to be tow'd off.

Britain's tremendous charge, the Moor defies ;
 From thence, a storm of lead, and iron flies :
 English dislodging dashing deaths are thrown,
 To sling the mural hopes of Spaniards down ;
 To waste their Troops, and terrify the Town.
 The Cambridge, Marlborough, and the Dragon wage
 Unequal war, against Hispania's rage :
 Our Sailors feel no cold reluctant Fear,
 Altho' the decks, like slaughter shops appear :
 Altho' like wrecks ; the batter'd ships sustain
 The Moro's war, and naval storm of Spain.

Tho' rous'd at first, to quell the Spanish foe,
 The gallant *Pocock's* soul, felt fiercest glow ;
 A gen'rous pity, to that rage succeeds,
 Whilst ev'ry fearless naval Hero bleeds :
 (Tho' overwhelm'd with deaths, without dismay,
 They burn to win the glory of the day.)
 Anxious to save each well deserving Tar,
 For future battle, and more equal war ;
Pocock commands, they end the fierce dispute,
 As they tow off, the naval roar grows mute.

And



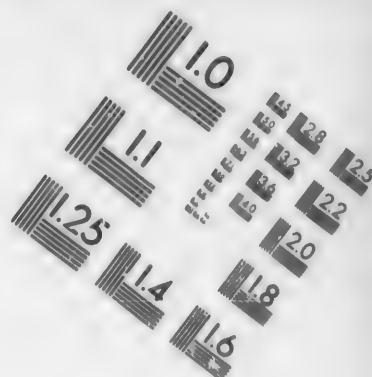
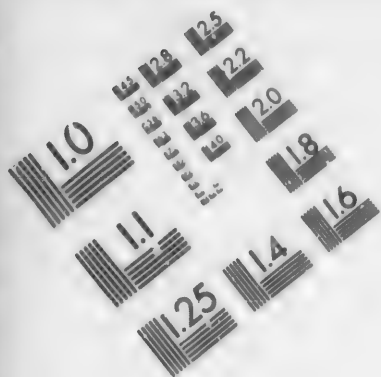
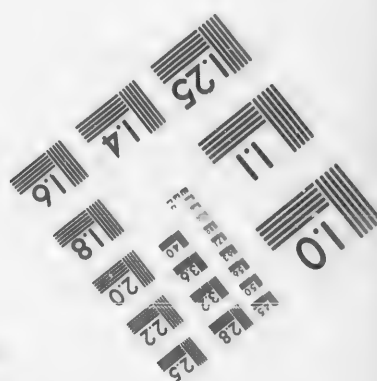
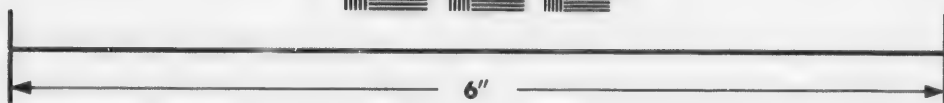
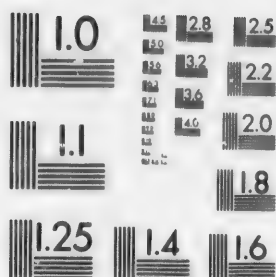


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And now commenc'd a daily cannonade ;
 The Spaniards still, a bold resistance made :
 Their wives, their honour, and their all at stake ;
 By which inspir'd, they vig'rous sallies make :
 Oft as they sally, are as oft repell'd ;
 Chac'd to their walls, or down in battle fell'd.
 With resolution arm'd, on either side,
 Mortars, and guns, most eagerly were ply'd ;
 Week, after week, full fifty * days, and more,
 The cannon, infantries, and mortars roar :
 Both parties seem, each day, to grow more warm ;
 Each other oft, alternately alarm.

As desp'rate gamesters oft, will hazard all,
 The Spaniards, (at their bleeding country's call ;)
 By honour rous'd, to gain a warlike fame,
 Their souls had wrought to patriotic flame ;
 A thousand plebeian Heroes, dare t' advance,
 Against the Scourgers of perfidious France :
 And as they march, to give the daring storm,
 A horrid formidable front they form :

Their

* Our Troops, were landed the 6th of June, against the Spaniards ; and carried the Moor Castle, sword in hand, the 30th of July : which is above 50 days.

Their dire design, these letters plainly spake,
We neither give, nor will we Quarters take :
But what avails their gallantry and worth?
'Gainst Britain's Heroes fierce, they sally'd forth.
With equal ardour, England's Troops arose,
To meet the daring, vet'ran Spanish Foes:
Methinks, I hear our fearless Leaders say,
Brave fellow Soldiers! fight like Men to day!
The coming Foe, is obstinately brave!
Great-Britain's Honour, and your own to save,
Now draw your swords; and in this glorious cause,
Gain Europe's praise, and GEORGE the third's applause.
As when smooth oyl, on flaming fire is thrown,
(By blust'ring winds, to dreadful fury blown;)
With rage resistless, on the torrent flows;
So full of warlike flame, against our foes,
To fierce attack, all resolutely rose,
Drums beat, and animated Heroes glow,
As both the parties, near each other draw.
Both parties scorn, to fear, or flight to yield;
Both, throng towards the center of the field:
Warm hope, and anger, in their souls, by turns,
And gen'rous valour, in a medley burns:
And

And as two torrents, (with a deafning sound,)
 Rush down two hills, towards the lower ground,
 They meet, they mix, and as they mix, engage,
 And deal out death, with stern relentless rage:
 With equal firmness, both the parties close;
 Muskets, to muskets, swords, to swords oppose:
 Encount'ring pikes, (in close engagement meet,)
 With deadly thrusts, th' ill fated bosoms greet:
 Keen Highland steel, and bright Toledo* blade,
 A grating unharmonious concert made:
 As each, his burnish'd, pond'rous faulchion rear'd,
 A resolution in his face appear'd:
 Quebec's, Belleisle's, and Martinico's Fate,
 Warm'd Britons souls, and made their hearts clate.
 Hundreds of Spaniards, strew'd th' ensanguin'd
 ground;

And each, in front,† receiv'd his honest wound:

Fierce

* I mean by that, the Spanish swords; the Toledo steel, being accounted the best in Spain; and it is a historic name; being in history, call'd Toledo good, or Good Toledo blade.

† I call it an honest wound; because they look'd death, and danger, boldly in the face; and as they fought for their own, and their country's interest, so bravely, & obstinately, and turn'd not their backs, till compell'd to retreat, by an equal match of valour; when they were overwhelm'd, and born down, by the irresistible

Pierce grew the fight, fiercer the Britons glow'd ;
 O'er dead, and dying, resolutely trod ;
 Against the living Ranks, their storm they bend,
 And glitt'ring Deaths, in show'rs of steel descend ;
 Fate, rode in flaming triumph, wrapt in lead ;
 None feels remorse, none knows desponding dread :
 Some Britons fall, (for Fate will have it so ;)
 While Spaniards weep in blood, their overthrow :
 With warlike pomp, to death, each Briton goes,
 Attended by a whole platoon of Foes,
 At length, the Spanish resolution fail'd ;
 And English intrepidity prevail'd ;
 To British Arms, they seem inclin'd to yield,
 Yet inch, by inch, dispute the bloody Field.
 As when a whirlwind, (with destructive Force,)
 O'erturns the Forest, in its rapid course ;
 So *Abemarle*, and Britons, forc'd their way,
 And backward roll'd the Spaniards in dismay.
 They turn'd (reluctant,) with a tardy flight,
 Impetuously fierce, with warring might,

Upon
 irresistible vigour, & fierceness, with which the British Troops
 advanc'd to battle, against those gallant sons of Spain ; who
 march'd to battle, with these words wrote in the front of their
 hats : *We neither give, nor take Quarters.*

Upon their broken rear, the Britons flew,
 Their desp'rate Foes, with stern resentment flew;
 O'er dying Spaniards trod, as near the Moor they
 drew.

Behind the Moro's walls, again they hide;
 New courage gain'd, and England's Troops
 defy'd.

Mortars, and guns, with Spanish Tars they man;
 Again, a desp'rate cannonade began:
 Our Troops, and Tars, loud vengeance fiercely
 roar;

Again bombard, and cannonade the Moor:
 Like an expiring snuff, they some fierce flames
 made;

That flame, again grew dull, and glimmer'd into
 shade.

More dull, and slow, the Moor's discharges grew;
 But seldom thence, the bombs, and bullets flew;
 With mighty Rage, Great-Britain's war increas'd,
 No fire was slack'd, nor batt'ring terrors ceas'd:
 Incessant roll'd the storm, both night, and day;
 Tho' thought impregnable, the walls gave way;

The
 * The Spaniards, when they got within the Moro, seem'd to be
 so fearless, and obstinate, as ever.

The mighty Moro, fallable was found ;
 The Ramparts raz'd, and batter'd to the ground :
 In ruin flung ; yet still they bulwarks form,
 Dreadful to pass, and terrible to storm.

The Engineers, at length, their caverns made,
 Beneath the walls, their tumid terrors laid ;
 Thence, in a fierce expanding flame, they rose ;
 The Castle shook, and terrify'd their foes :
 Scarce mov'd, a pond'rous load, the Ramparts lay,
 Nor wou'd to powder's matchless pow'r give way :
 Strong, in their heaps of ruin they abide,
 As common bulwarks, in unbatter'd pride.

Only one * file, within the breach cou'd form ;
 No more, cou'd march in front, to give the storm :

(In
 * When the Engineers sprang their mine, under the Moro-
 Castle, the walls lay such an enormous load, on the rising
 of flame, that it sought vent another way : and so stable, the
 walls remain'd, that the disposition only made a breach, for
 three men a breast to advance.

(In little hills, the rugged Ramparts lay,
 Portending ruin, o'er the subject sea.)
 Fierce *Forbes* † march'd, to storm the dreadful place,
 And thund'ring death, flash'd horror in his face:
 On rush'd the Royals, † with true British glow;
 (Destruction † yawn'd, most dreadfully below.)
 As *Wolfe*, and *Amherst*, (in tremendous roar,)
 Flew arm'd with thunder, on Cape-Breton's shore;
 So *Haviland*, and *Keppel*, † warlike honour sought,
 And to the breach, Great-Britain's fourfold † union
 brought.
 As *Wolfe*, and *Amherst*, (in tremendous roar,)
 Flew arm'd with thunder, on Cape-Breton's shore;
 So *Haviland*, and *Keppel*, † warlike honour sought,
 And to the breach, Great-Britain's fourfold † union
 brought.

†††† Major General *Keppel*, was first in command at the storm of the Moro: and Brigadier General *Haviland*, was second there: and Lieut. *Forbes*, (since made a Captain in the 42 Regiment,) first enter'd the breach; (if it may be call'd a Breach;) at the head of the Royals; who had gain'd great honour, during the siege: and the breach was so situated, that had they miss'd a step, they must have gone about a 100 yards headlong into the sea, on one side, or the ditch, on other: and we are inform'd that the very men, which so intrepidly enter'd against all the opposition, so desperate an Enemy cou'd make, with cannon, and small arms, were afraid to return by the same way, and among all the thousands of gallant men there, one only was known to show the least backwardness, or had been heard to complain; tho' many, both Officers, and Men, had been several Days in the trenches, without being reliev'd.

† English, Scotch, Irish, and Provincials, united.

Velasco † fierce, resolv'd to spill his blood,
 Like ‡ Ajax, near the Spanish flag staff stood:
 With heart resolv'd, and visage full of wrath,
 Defiance frown'd, and brandish'd glitt'ring death.
 With lifeless hope, but manly voice he calls,
 Spaniards! stand firm! & guard your batter'd walls!
 Your all depends, on this decisive day;
 No hope remains, the moment you give way!
 Remember, Englishmen your walls assail,
 What mighty honour, should you now prevail!
 And from the breach, their quadrate union chase!
 No foe, henceforth, will dare a Spaniard face.
 The Spaniards rouze, and rank and file, they close;
 Throng to the breach, and dare th' assailing foes.

Now Haviland, and Keppel, in a flame
 Of British zeal, near Moro's Castle came;

Not

† The gallant Don Lewis de Velasco, Captain of one of their men of war, and Governor of the Moro; fiercely resolv'd, fix'd himself by the colours, and defended them, sword in hand; till mortally wounded in the storm.

‡ For an explanation of this, concerning Ajax; vide, my reference for the fire-ships, in my Siege of Quebec, or the 15th and 16th books of Homer's Iliad.

Not one, but feels, a great heroic rage;
Each seems alert, and longing to engage.
Chearful, resolv'd, the Leaders all appear,
Rushing in front, or thronging on the rear:
With eyes brimful of joy, and fierce delight,
They march, and rouse, each different corps to fight.
And doubtless, this the strain, in which they spoke,
Advancing in the clouds of sulph'rous smoke.
A Leader of Dragoons, and Grenadiers,
Cries come my lads! who ne'er knew dastard fears,
March fiercely on, with resolution fix'd;
Brave Englishmen, and bold Hibernians mix'd.
To England's honour, let all Europe say,
You storm'd the breach, on this decisive day;
And bore the palm of victory away. }
Then shall Hibernia share, the glorious fame,
Whose gallant sons, (to war,) against Hispania came.
The Caledonian chiefs, most fiercely call,
To Highland troops, remember conquer'd Gaul!
And like her troops, let those brave Spaniards feel
Your warlike worth, and Caledonian steel.
Provincial leaders, (emulously brave,)
To rouse their troops, this short narration gave;

Revolve

Revolve each fight, in which you've bravely fought;
With lives, and blood, your warlike honour bought:
Let Abra'm's plain, and Louisbourg twice won,
Rouse you to act, what oft before you've done;
Your mother country's pow'rs, join once again,
Prove yourselves sons of brave old Englishmen.
'Twas needless more, all felt a fearless glow,
And stumbled thro' the breach, towards the foe.
With broad-swords drawn, and bayonets well fix'd,
English, and Spaniards, in confusion mix'd:
All fiercely hew, or fire, none stop for breath;
Lead mortal flew, and steel, fell arm'd with death.

In equipoize, short time, the battle hung;
Our's, glory fir'd, but pride, the Spaniards stung:
The breach disputed, they no longer hold,
And like a torrent, in the Britons roll'd:
Spaniards retreat, our's urg'd the flight along,
And to the guarded flag-staff, fiercely throng:
Velasco there, resolutely remain'd;
The flight retarded, and the fight maintain'd.

(So

(So 'Lion's cubs, (on Lybia's burning sand,)
 'Gainst dogs, and hunters, make a feeble stand;
 If e'er perchance, the Sire, their passage bar,
 And roars, prepar'd for lacerating war;
 'Till closely press'd, by the bold hunting train,
 They scatter singly, thro' the scorching plain;
 Or gasp in death, by some brave hunter slain.) }
 Of that great corps, Velasco seems the soul,
 And by example, animates the whole:
 As from his wounds, he pour'd his vital blood,
 The Spaniards cool'd, the shock no longer stood:
 And as the Mexicans, † long time before,
 When Cortes drawn by love of golden ore;
 Willing from Spanish rage, themselves to save,
 Plung'd headlong down, into a wat'ry grave;
 So these, by hundreds. (in a wild dismay,)
 From British troops, sought shelter in the sea.

The

† When the Spaniards, led by Hernando Cortes, conquer'd Mexico; vast multitudes of the poor wretches, perish'd in the water, and lakes, surrounding it: and now, the Spaniards share a similar fate; some hundreds of them, losing their lives, as they attempted to flee in their boats, in confusion, before the dreadful, conqu'ring troops of Britain.

The ragged † staff, torn down, was soon disgrac'd,
And on the bastion, Britain's Standard plac'd.

The Moro gain'd, yet still the Spaniards dare;
To stand the batt'ring shock, in prepare.
Death † seems to join, the threaten'd town to save,
And sweeps whole hundreds to the silent grave:
Thro' all their boiling veins, Sol darts his fire;
And troops worn out, in Calentures expire.
Yet tho' it seem'd, wise Providence to please,
Thousands shou'd fall, by sword, † and by disease;
The brave surviving Britons, still maintain
The batt'ring siege, against the sons of Spain:
Fiercely once more, our tars, and troops, unite,
Again prepare the storm, both day, and night:
At length they burst, in most tremendous roar;
If possible, more dreadful than before.

By

† The Spanish Ensign, has a ragged staff in it.

†† There was a great mortality, among our troops, and sailors;
and being worn out with hard duty, day and night, and a laborious
battery, death swept them off by hundreds, in a fever.

By obstinate, and fierce attacks subdu'd,
 That storm few || Hours, the daring Spaniards stood.
 Tho' first, the Governor, (with warlike frown,)
 When summon'd to surrender up the town,
 Declar'd he valu'd not Great-Britain's might ;
 But to the last, with all their pow'r would fight :
 Yet, when he felt the British cannonade,
 And saw the havoc our bombardment made,
 He grew more cool, and for short respite sent
 Of some few hours, no more on war intent :
 And crav'd three ships || might no obstruction meet,
 And unmolested, pass thro' Britain's fleet :
 The gallant Pocock, sent him this again ;
 No, not a boat ; || much less three ships of Spain,
 Shou'd pass unsearch'd, thro' Britain's dreadful fleet,
 But must expect, with thund'ring rage to meet ;
 Good English ships, || to Spain shou'd them convey :
 Good English ships, the terrors of the sea !

By

When the storm from the Moro, (now in our possession,) and on the shore, was begun, in concert, against the town, and Punta fort, by our troops, and tars : Juan del Prado, Governor of the town, in about six hours, sent out to desire a respite, for some few hours, to make his terms ; which was granted ; and withal, begg'd three ships of the line, might pass unsearch'd to Spain.

Admiral

By hard necessity, to terms brought down;
 Prado gives up, the long defended town;
 In which were treasures, by whole millions found;
 And Britain's arms with glorious conquest crown'd.

Admiral Pocock return'd him for answer, not a long boat shou'd pass;
 but good English ships shou'd carry them to Spain; and when the
 Governor found this, he capitulated, and gave up the town, fort,
 and 12 men of war of the Spanish line.

F I N I S



1847

And with the same
with the same
with the same

United States

of the same

from the copy of the same
which was sent to the
the same

the same

the same

the same

**BRITANNIA'S CALL,
TO HER**

Brave TROOPS, and hardy TARS.

I.

BRITANNIA's sons, Hibernia's youth,
And Scotia's hardy, martial race !
Rise ! fight ! defend the cause of truth !
And wipe from me, all foul disgrace !
With ardent eyes,
Britannia cries,
United rise !
And Frenchmen to destruction chace !

II.

See, from the coast of threat'ning France,
With mischief fraught, and ill designs,
Her gath'ring troops, prepare t' advance,
And threat with battle my confines !
Insulting foes,
Resolv'd oppose,
Deal mortal blows !
See, see, aloft, my Standard fluns.

III.

My freeborn Sons, (with native rage,)
 Arise, and hear your Mother's call ;
 Invading foes, prepare t' engage :
 Defend me now, or else I fall :

Your all's at stake,
 To arms betake,
 Strong efforts make,
 And sweep to death, the troops of Gaul !

IV.

Rouze ! rouze ! refulgent, shine in arms !
 Hark ! cannons roar, drums, trumpets, found !
 Rush on, all clad, in war's alarms !
 And dauntless, tread, on Gallic ground !

Against the Gauls,
 And their strong walls,
 Ply bombs, and balls,
 Fling veng'ance, flame, and ruin round !

V.

Britannia thus, bespoke her Sons,
 With ardour, ev'ry bosom boil'd,
 They lin'd her shores, with troops, and guns,
 And France, affrighted, back recoil'd :

With

With stern delight,
 They all unite,
 And wish the fight;
 But Ferdinand had Lewis foil'd !

VI.

A grand exulting joy appear'd,
 With martial smiles, on England's shore,
 To see Great-Britain's standard rear'd,
 And hear her naval Lions roar ;
 Her Fleets France found,
 Were gath'ring round,
 A dreadful bound !
 Britannia, heard her threats no more.

VII.

Brunswick, with mighty joy survey'd,
 Domestick troops begird his Throne ;
 Safety, her golden wings display'd :
 And all our former fears were flown ;
 Our Forces good,
 Resolved stood,
 To spill their blood,
 Sooner than Frenchmen conquerors own.

Britain's



Britain's Arms victorious ; or, France
humbled.

I. -

NO insults long, from France inur'd,
Britannia rouz'd, and dreadful frown'd !
Her Navy mann'd, her coasts secur'd,
And fear did ev'ry foe confound !
Wise Heav'n thought fit,
The Patriot Pitt,
At helm should sit,
And point her flaming veng'ance round.

II.

Her daring troops, Britannia scann'd,
Which faithful stood, to guard her shore ;
Well pleas'd, she saw her Navy mann'd ;
And heard 'em loud defiance roar :
Aloud she cries,
France still defies,
Rise, warriors, rise !
And drown all Gaul, in Gallic Gore !

III.

III.

My naval Sons, against the Gauls,
 Launch forth, and with a stern disdain,
 Transport my Thunders to their walls,
 And roll my terrors o'er the main ;
 Great George defend,
 Fiercely contend,
 Make Gallia bend,
 Restrain the Frog, and check proud Spain.

IV.

No longer let proud Gallia boast,
 But now equipt, and rous'd to arms,
 Return the war along their coast,
 Whilst ardour ev'ry bosom warms !
 Their hearts all fail,
 Cold fears prevail,
 Now, now, let fail !
 And fill all France with dread alarms !

V.

Tho' Lewis threats with naval force ;
 To view displays his warlike stores !
 Tho' gath'ring troops, of foot, and horse,
 Range dreadful, on the hostile shores !

They

They ardour lack !

Their threats fling back !

Their coasts attack !

'Tis thus, Britannia you implores !

VI,

To battle quick, her armies rush'd,

The terror of her arms display,

With conquest oft, the troops were flush'd,

Her fleets launch'd forth, and swept the sea !

They ev'ry where,

Stern veng'ance bear,

Spread death, and fear,

And Gallia felt a dread dismay !

VII.

Thus whilst our fleets sweep o'er the main,

And troops domestic guard the shore,

Tho' France unite with haughty Spain,

And Holland too, we'll fear no more ;

Their pow'rs we'll meet,

And roughly greet,

Whilst Britain's fleet,

In flaming death, shall loudly roar !

On



On Monsieur THUROT'S descent and
defeat.

I.

YE Britons ! attend, you shall hear how Thurot,
(He led, only Frenchmen, intirely forgot,)
Tyger like, for awhile, kill'd, ravag'd, and then,
Victoriously thought to have slunk to his den !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

With three or four ships, Monsieur Thurot made
boast,

He'd make a descent on Hibernia's coast :
Next thought to retreat, with his men, and his prey,
As well he might 'scape from fierce lions away !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

For Æolus *, blew a strong blast in his face !
Flung his sails all aback †, retarded his pace !

With

* The ship Æolus,—and Æolus, is God of the winds.

† Aback, is a sea term.

With a brilliant † air, mix'd with fierce martial rage,
The Goddesses || of war, she bore down to engage !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

The Frenchmen grew pale, when they saw the
three sail,

Their passage obstruct, as from Ireland they steal,
With vocal huzzas, to Belleisle's volunteers, *

They play'd a rough concert of old English airs !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

Of the symphony rude, the Gauls did complain,
And swore the whole tune, was a dissonant strain !
Their loud shouts victorious ! their triumphs were
drown'd !

By deep noted bass, of our cannon around !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

The sport rougher grew ! and the Frenchmen
grew sick !

Death flew fore and aft, as the bullets flew thick !
Their

† The ship Brilliant.

|| The ship Pallas, Goddess of war.

* The Cutlasses, on board the Belleisle, had for their motto,
Belleisle's volunteers.

Their great hero Thurot, fell wounded, and dead,
Soon after they struck, in a cold pannic dread !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Monseurs! take advice, put an end to these wars,
You cannot engage with our troops, and brave tars !
Nor dare near the den of the Lion to roam ;
Brave Hawke scours the seas ! and great Pitt is
at home !

Derry down, down, down derry down.



On the heroic Taylors, belonging to El-
liot's light horse, who fought so bravely
in Germany.

I.

WHEN Granby the brave, (a disciple of
Mars !)

Rush'd forth from Great Britain, to germanic wars !
To fight the foe rang'd, or to force the strong trench,
And help Ferdinand 'gainst the swaggering French !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

b

II.

II.

The Taylors, regardless of death, wounds, and scars !
Resolv'd to leave stitching, and live by the wars !
With a patriot zeal, they deserted their boards !
Bestrode the war horses, and brandish'd their swords !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

The news throughout England, no sooner was
known,

What great emulation, the Taylors had shown !
But they lifted in scores, 'gainst Britannia's foes !
And Elliot's light horse, was the cohort they chose !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Behold they set sail, from their own native land,
And meet a good welcome from brave Ferdinand ;
Who led 'em straightway, where the foe rang'd in
view,

They kindled with ardour ! and resolute grew !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

V.

They prim'd with a Frown, and ramm'd home
their balls ;

Set spurs, and full gallop, they drove on the Gauls,
Face to face they discharg'd, unsheath'd to engage !
And hew'd thro' the French, with achillean * rage !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

Gallant Erskine, the bold ! he headed this band !
Who follow'd like death ! at the warrior's com-
mand.

The French turn'd their backs, broke, scatter'd,
and fled !

The Taylors rush'd on, over mountains of dead !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Poor Lewis, must surely be in a sad plight !

When his swaggering heroes, our Taylors can't
fight !

If before them o'erpow'r'd, in pannic they flee !

How

* In the battle, after the death of Patroclus, Achilles gave no quarter ; and even destroy'd the twelve prisoners he took in fight, as a sacrifice to the manes of his dear Patroclus ! and as the Taylors made such slaughter, and gave no quarter ! they might be said to hew thro' the ranks with achilleian rage !

How dreadful ! must Great Britain's Heroes all be !

Derry down, down, down derry down.

VIII.

In a different sense, the old proverb * we'll take ;
 Nine soldiers of Gaul, scarce a light horseman make :
 With feminine tremor ! the French are all smitten !
 For nine dare not face a brave stitch † of Great
 Britain !

Derry down, down, down derry down.



A Satyrical, exulting Address to Lewis
 Le Grand : alias Le Petit : on the
 Loss of his Ships, Forts, Towns, and
 Islands, &c. in the two wars.

I.

COME Clio, sweet muse !
 Let's sing as we use,
 And the victories naval repeat ;

How

* The proverb is, nine Taylors make a man, by way of flar on them ; but now I have inverted it, and said, nine Frenchmen dare not fight an English Taylor.

† Stitch is a cant word us'd for a Taylor.

How Boscawen, and Hawke,
 Did the French Monarque baulk,
 And his schemes of Invasion defeat !

Brave Boys, &c.

II.

Let us mention e'm all,
 That e'er fought against Gaul ;
 Or else of their Conquests let's sing ;
 And merrily reckon,
 The ships they have taken,
 Which fight now for Great Britain's King.

Brave Boys.

III.

Now Lewis ! thou'rt vext,
 Nonplus'd, and perplext !
 And fret'st like a man in a Bog !
 For thy ill fate prevails !
 And thy confidence fails !

I mean in the Don, *a* and the Frog. *b*

Brave Boys.

IV.

a The Spaniards.

b The Dutch.

IV.

The two *c* Brothers Royal,

Opposers destroy all ;

And *d* Brunswick, and Edward *d* are arm'd ;

The black *e* Eagle, and *f* Lion,

Their Prey fiercely fly on,

And France and her Friends are alarm'd !

Brave Boys.

V.

Tho' the Gauls call thee Great,

How wilt thou shun Fate ?

(Which threatens,) deserted by *g* Mars !

From thee, he is torn ;

And thy *b* Di'monds are worn,

By the British brave resolute Tars !

Brave Boys.

VI.

c Frederick the III^d, King of Prussia : and Prince Henry, Hereditary Prince of Prussia.

dd George the III^d. King of Great Britain : and His Royal Highness, Prince Edward.

e The black Eagle, is the Prussian arms.

f The Lion, being the Hieroglyphick for Great Britain, and some times for the King, I take the Liberry to call our Troops, and Tars, the Lion.

g Le Mars, a 74 Gun ship, we took : and Mars is call'd among the ancient Poets, the God of Battle.

b Le Diamond, L'Escarboucle, Le Rubie, L'Emerauld : 4 French men of war we took.

VI.

Thee, thy ; Panthar affails,
 And with Teeth, and with nails,
 Tis Lewis, he now will affright !
 The mastiffs of Britain,
 Most fiercely He set on,
 And found 'em superior in might.

Brave Boys.

VII.

I need not repeat,
 Th' & Invincible's beat !
 Thou know 't it already full well :
 Thy Pride must come down,
 For George has thy / Renown !
 A true Tale most unpleasing I tell.

Brave Boys.

VIII.

Le *m* Fidele, from thy Coast,
 And thy service is lost ;
 An inveterate Enemy's grown :

Thee

; A French man of war, we took.

& L' Invincible, taken by us, which means unconquerable.

/ Le Renomme, a French man of war, taken ; and in English Renown.

m Le Fidele, taken, in English, the faithful.

Thee, the *n* Hornet did sting,
 Then stretch'd on full wing,
 With Disdain, to Old England is flown.
Brave Boys.

IX.

Thy *o* Neptune chang'd Tides,
 And to Great Britain glides ;
 And *p* Severn roll'd back to his Course :
 They may roll back once more,
 To sweep all the French shore,
 And make a bad matter much worse.
Brave Boys.

X.

For Brunswick our King,
 Thy *q* Mercury's on wing,
 Commission'd to scour Gallic shores :
 L' Ardent *r* 'gainst thee turns,
 And with English Rage burns,
 From Great Britain's Ordonance stores.
Brave Boys.

XI.

- n* The Hornet, took from us, and retaken.
o Le Neptune, a 74 Gun ship, and the old Poets call Neptune God of the Sea.
p The Severn, took from us, and re-taken : and Severn is the name of a large River in England.
q The Mercury, a French ship of war, taken : and Mercury is call'd the winged messenger of the Gods.
r L' Ardent, taken, in English, Hot, fiery, burning, &c.

XI.

Le Bienfaicant too,
 Does thy subjects pursue,
 And all his good Actions thou'lt lost :
 If e'er he shou'd chance,
 To revisit old France,
 He'll fulminate thro' the French Coast !

Brave Boys.

XII.

Thy & Subtil knock'd under,
 To Rhet'ric like Thunder,
 Pour'd forth in a convincing Tone :
 Thus nonplus'd he stood,
 His Reasons not good,
 To a nihil plus ultra brought down.

Brave Boys.

XIII.

With a fierce mortal Sting,
 For Great Britain's King,
 Hermione's u ready t' engage ;

She'll

f Le Bienfaicant, a French ship of war, taken ; in English, the well Doer.

z The Subtil, was a French ship of war, taken :

u L' Hermione, a French ship of war, taken : and the Poets say, Hermione was turn'd to a Serpent. Vid : Ovid's Metamorphosis.

She'll great mischief hatch,
 If she meets a fit match,
 And hiss with a serpentine Rage !

Brave Boys.

XIV.

Recall thy ships sent,
 From the green Element,
 Great George on the main will Command :
 The *w* Fierce *w* Neptune, is warm'd,
 And is *w* Terribly arm'd,
 With Le *w* Trident, to shake Gallic Land !

Brave Boys.

XV.

Observe me, and mark it ;
 We've *x* Monmouth, and Carkett,
 Who roughly with Foudroyant dealt :

Against

Le Fougoux, Le Neptune, Le Terrible, and Le Trident.
 In English, the Fierce, Neptune, Terrible, and Trident : four French
 ships of war, taken by us, of 64 and 74 Guns : and the Trident is
 Neptune's Symbol, or mark, of his being Sovereign of the Sea.

x Lieut. Carkett, in the Monmouth, a 64 Gun ship, bravely main-
 tain'd the Fight, against the Foudroyant, an 84 Gun ship : (after the
 gallant, and much lamented Captain Gardner fell :) and continu'd to
 fight her till she struck.

Against three ships of France,
 Tyrrel y dar'd to advance,
 And that the French Florissant felt.

Brave Boys,

XVI.

As well thou may'st smile,
 As frown on our Isle,
 We have Vigilant & Friends along shore !
 Our well aiming Tars draw,
 Thy Cæstrial a bright Bow,
 And drench their shafts deep in French Gore,
Brave Boys.

XVII.

This declares thy small worth,
 When thy *b* Thunder rush'd forth,
 And fiercely thy French *b* Light'ning burn'd !
 To

The gallant Capt. Tyrrell, in the Buckingham, fought the Florissant, an 84. or 74 Gun ship, and two Frigates, and made all sheer off, and had like to have taken the Florissant.

& Le Vigilant, taken, in English, watchful.

& L'Arcenceil, taken, in English, Bow in Heav'n, or Rainbow.

& Le Foudroyant, in English, Thunder, and Light'ning, or Thundring, and Lightning ; an 84 Gun ship, with whom the Mouth engag'd. and silenc'd.

To meet thine, Eng'land's flew,
And her Bolts Monmouth threw,
And the Claps, and the Flashes return'd !

Brave Boys.

XVIII.

Thou no longer canst boast,
For thy Foudroyant's lost,
At which ev'ry Hearer will wonder !
His Bolts flew no more,
He ceas'd flashes and Roar,
And tacitly hear'd Monmouth Thunder !

Brave Boys.

XIX.

When we wou'd raze a Town,
Pull thy strong Bulwarks down,
Or Gallia's thinn'd navy wou'd rend,
From Great Britain stor'd,
With her Thunder on board,
Thy own Foudroyant we can send.

Brave Boys.

XX.

XX.

With Great Britain's Tars mann'd,
Against him who'll stand !

Whilst Albion's loud Thunder he rolls :
He'll affright Gallic Tars,
And with deep Thunder Scars,

He'll rive, and confound all their Souls !

Brave Boys.

XXI.

Tho' in France thou art King,
Like a Bee without sting,

Thy humming will nothing avail ;
Lewis ! look to thy Throne ;

Let the Lion alone,

Nor catch any more at his Tail.

Brave Boys.

XXII.

Whilst Scotchmen can wield
Their broad swords in the Field,

By Hibernians, and English sustain'd ;

The

The triple Alliance,
 May bid thee Defiance,
 And the Lion will never be chain'd.

Brave Boys.

XXIII.

Le *e* Soleil, and L' *d* Etoile,
 Were put to the Foil,
 And Comet like vanish'd in Blaze !
 Thy scheme nought avail'd,
 For thy *e* Ambuscade fail'd,
 And submitted in pannic Amaze !

Brave Boys.

XXIV.

Thy *f* Ocean is burn'd,
 The French Grand *g* Monarque's turn'd
 To a Friend, and our Aliy is grown !

Le

e Le Soleil, in English, the Royal Sun : the ship Monsieur Conflans commanded, in Quiberon-Bay ; where she ran aground before Admiral Hawke, and was afterward burnt.

d L' Etoile, in English, a Star ; blown up in an engagement.

e The Ambuscade, a French man of war, taken by us.

f The ship Ocean, Monsieur De Clue commanded ; driven on shore, by Admiral Boscawen, in Lagos Bay, and Burnt.

g Le Monarque, a French man of war, taken.

Le *à* Volant to George flew,
 With Balls, Powder, Bombs too !
 All this, we may i modestly own.

Brave Boys.

XXV.

Such Disasters as these,
 If thou it still use the seas,
 O'er thy navy confounded will roll ;
 Tho' thy Troubles are great,
 I've much more to repeat,
 Altho' it cuts deep as the foul.

Brave Boys.

XXVI.

We've sunk thy Bien & Aime,
 Thy stout / Magnanimme,
 A Foe m Formidable is grown !

When

à Le Volant, in English, the Flyer, or to that purport ; a French man of war, taken : bound to Louisbourg, with Powder, Bombs, and Balls.
i La Modeste, taken by Admiral Boscawen, in Lagos Bay.
& Admiral Pocock, in the East-Indies, drove the Bien Aime on shore, in one of the three Engagements, in which Monsieur Dache fled from him.

/ Le Magnanimme, a French man of war, of 74 Guns, taken.

m Le Formidable, the French Rear Admiral : taken by Capt. Speke, in the Resolution, in Quiberon Bay.

When Neptune shall roar,
 With Mars on thy shore,
 His terrible voice shall be known !

Brave Boys.

XXVII.

Danæ, once we are told,
 Had a show'r ^a of bright Gold ;
 But worse to thy Danæ did hap :
 The Two ^o Frigates did pour,
 An unwelcome hard show'r
 Of Iron Balls, into her Lap.

Brave Boys.

XXVIII.

L'Orphee ^p dins thine Ears,
 And with dread Fragors scares,
 Sent forth from his loud Brazen Lungs ;

In

^a The Poets say, Jove descended in a show'r of Gold into Danæ's Lap, where she was confin'd in a Tower ; we took the Danæ.
^o The Melampe, and Southampton, engag'd the Danæ, and took her.
^p L'Orphee, a 64 Gun man of war, which mounted some brass Cannon ; taken at the same time with the Foudroyant. The English name, is Orpheus ; accounted by the antient Poets, a great master of Musick. and celebrated accordingly.

In dissonant strains,
Thy hearing he pains,
With sixty a four troublesome Tongues.

Brave Boys.

XXIX.

Could he possibly wait,
On a Night at thy Gate,
To serenade *b* Pompee, and thee;
Such a strain would he play,
In the old English way,
As would damp all the frolicksome Glee.

Brave Boys.

XXX.

Lewis! look to thy Shore,
For the Wolf's *c* at the Door!
The black *d* Eagle's watching for Prey!
Let thy Navy all ride,
The strong Forts along side,
And send 'em no more out at Sea:

Brave Boys.

a L'Orphee, a 64 Gun Man of War, which mounted some Brass Cannon; taken at the same Time with the Foudroyant. The English Name, is Orpheus; accounted by the ancient Poets, a great Master of Musick; and celebrated accordingly.

b Madam *Pompadour, the French King's Mistress.

c When I first wrote this, General Wolfe was living; and it is a usual saying, when Danger's nigh, The Wolf's at the Door.

d The Black Eagle, is the Prussian Arms.

XXXI.

XXXI.

For Old England can boast
 Of a Hawke, on her Coast,
 From whom the French Cocks frighted run;
 He stretched out his Wing,
 For Great Britain's King,
 Eclipsed the bright Gallic e Sun.

Brave Boys.

XXXII.

Tho' f Superbe rashly came,
 To supply with his Flame,
 'Twixt Hawke, and Le Soleil was seen;
 Hawke beak'd at the Foe,
 And rose to the Blow,
 And flung him upon a Careen,

Brave Boys.

XXXIII.

The next beak he gave,
 To a deep wat'ry Grave,
 He sent French g Magnificence down;

In

e Le Soleil Royal: In English, the Royal Sun; the Ship Monsieur
 Conflans commanded; which stood about one or two Broadfides,
 from Admiral Hawke, ran ashore, and was afterwards burnt.

f g Le Superbe, a French 74 Gun Ship, which bore down gallantly
 between the two Admirals, to take the Royal George's Fire; and
 which Ship, Admiral Hawke sunk at two Broadfides. The Name
 in English is Magnificence, or Magnificent.

In mighty dismay,
 Contrians quickly gave way,
 And trembled, when Hawke gave a frown!

Brave Boys.

XXXIV.

That Tonant *b* was mute,
 Amidst the Dispute,
 There's no Room remains for a Wonder.
 Carkett, *b* sometime before,
 On Hispania's Shore,
 Had seiz'd both his Lightning and Thunder!

Brave Boys.

XXXV.

As De Clue, once before,
 On the Portogue Shore,
 Fled away from the brave Boscawen,
 Like a terrify'd Brood,
 Of Chickens pursu'd,
 When a Hawk souses near,
 So they scatter'd in Fear,
 And flutter'd up thro' the Villaine!

Brave Boys.

XXXVI.

bb Le Tonant, in English, the Thunderer, or Thundering, was in Quiberon Bay and ran away; and a Thunderer, without his Thunder and Lightning, makes a pitiful Figure. Lieut. Carkett, commanded the Monmouth, after Capt. Gardner fell, and took the Foudroyant,

XXXVI.

On Great Britain's dread Coast,
 What was warlike, & thou'lt lost,
 'Twill be hard to recover again ;
 For thy *Belliqueux*, much terrify'd grew !
 When he met the mishap, to rush into a trap,
 And was caught in the fierce Lion's & Den !
Brave Boys.

XXXVII.

The old Lion roars,
 And along the French shores,
 He sends out his Cubs for their Prey :
 Thy Ships once again,
 They'll drive to Villaine,
 And sweep uncontroul'd o'er the Sea !
Brave Boys.

XXXVIII.

In the midst of the Wars,
 Our fierce, rough handed Tars,
 Seiz'd thy / delicate *m* Nymphs of the Grove :
In

The Belliqueux : In English, the Warlike ; a French 64 Gun Ship, was taken by the *Antelope*, when Admiral Hawke had chas'd and dispers'd the French Fleet off at Sea ; and the *Belliqueux* came to Anchor under the Isle of Lundy, near the Mouth of Bristol Channel.

As the Lion is the Hieroglyphick for England, I call the Coast of England the Lion's Den.

La Mignone, a French Man of War, taken : In English, the Delicate.

La Diana, a Silvan Goddess ; and a French Man of War, call'd the Nymph, taken.

In thy *n* Chariot they ride,
 O'er the green briny Tide,
 By the north *o* wind, and *p* Bellona drove.

Brave Boys

XXXIX.

That e'er thou should'st scheme,
 And of Conquest should'st dream,
 By Invasion so late in the Season ;
 There's no room for surprize,
 For here all the truth lies,

Thou'st lost thy *q* dear *q* Prudence and *q* Reason !

Brave Boys.

XL.

With a resolute Mein,
 And a martial Disdain,
 Like Clouds that were loaded with Thunder !
 Our Fleet bore on thine,
 And disorder'd their Line,
 And scatter'd 'em widely asunder !

Brave Boys.

- A French Man of War, call'd the Royal Chariot, taken.
- L'Aquillon, in English, the North Wind.
- La Bellona, Goddess of War ; and Bellona, with the North Wind, may be properly used, to say they drive our fearless Tars to Battle.
- *qqq* La Chere, Prudent, and Reasonable ; three Ships of War taken.
- In English, Dear, Prudent, and Reasonable, or to that Purpose.

XLI.

Thy *q* Rose hung its Head,
 Thy King's *r* Fisher's fled;
 From the Stalk thy white *s* Lilly is torn!
s Renowned, Apollo,
 With *w* Garlands did follow,
 Our heroic brave Tars to adorn!

Brave Boys.

XLII.

We've a Pitt most profound!
 Where thy Policy's drown'd:
 There sunk all thy Towns, Forts and Isles!
 He long'd for such plenty,
 He swallow'd up *x* Twenty!
 Whilst Britain victoriously smiles!

Brave Boys.

XLIII.

q A French Ship of War, taken.
r Halcyon, taken; in English, King's Fisher.
s Le Lis, taken; in English, Flower de Luce.
t Le Celebre, taken; in English, the Renowned.
u A French Ship of War, taken, call'd Apollo.
w A French Ship of War, taken, call'd the Garland.
x During the successful Administration of the Right Honourable, sagacious, and resolute Patriot, WILLIAM PITT, Esq; Great Britain made no less than twenty Conquests, of Forts, Towns and Islands, and during his Administration, (to Great Britain's Hawke's, Bosca-wen's Elliott's, and his own great Honour) Conflans, De Clue, and Thurot, were defeated.

I've no more to say,
Than in Quiberon Bay,

Cape Breton, Lagos, and the Straights;
South, East, North, and West,
Thy Flag * we've deprest;
Sunk, taken, and burnt all thy Fleet!

Brave Boys.

A Comic Narration,

Of the Troubles of LE wis the Fifteenth,

YE lovers of Mirth, dreadful terrors of Gaul!
I'll do my Endeavour to pleasure you all:

I hope naval Heroes, and Heroes terrene,
Will give an Applause to my comical strain.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

I sing truth, pleasing truth! tho' the Wit scanty be,
Of Lewis Le Grand, alias Le Petit,

Who

* L'Oriflamme, sunk on the Coast of Spain by the Monarque and
Montague; in English, the Royal Banner of France.

Who coveted greatly to wear England's Crown,
But found him self baffled, and fear'd for his own.

Derry, &c.

III.

In seventeen Hundred and fifty five,
The rancour of Gaul began to revive;
Proud Lewis the fifteenth, with jealousy stung,
Thought England had rested from trouble too long.

Derry, &c.

IV.

He marshal'd his Armies, his Navy he mann'd:
(Pompadour, at Paris, mighty Projects had plann'd)
But before Port-Mahon was took by the Gauls,
Ten thousand Besiegers, lay dead round the Walls.

Derry, &c.

V.

All America next, he fain wou'd enjoy.
Gauls, Indians, Canadians, the Britons destroy;
They ripp'd Mothers up, dashed out Infants Brains,
But Englishmen rouz'd, and repaid all their Pains.

Derry, &c.

VI.

VI.

The Conquest of England, next Lewis design'd,
 And his Fleet, and his Troops, together combin'd ;
 From different Ports, to Great Britain they steer ;
 But thanks to our Tars, they cou'd never come there!

Derry, &c.

VII.

Now George, mighty George, issu'd out War's
 commands ;

Next him, like Mount Atlas, great Pitt firmly stands ;
 Well fix'd on a Legge ; tho' the World shou'd assail,
 His Basis was sure, and they cou'd not prevail.

Derry, &c.

VIII.

These three, worthy three, first our rescue design'd ;
 When to ruin we ran, to our danger quite blind ;
 They saw our distress, and they Giant like rose ;
 Pluck'd the nation from fears, & the hands of our foes.

Derry, &c.

IX.

With these rose a band of true Patriots brave,
 Inspir'd with a zeal their poor country to save ;

Whose

Whose names Boscawen, Hawke, & Saunders we call;
Ligonier, Wolfe, and Amherst, the terrors of Gaul.

Derry, &c.

X.

With these, (as if fir'd with one soul from above,)
The Nobles, the Commons, unanimous strove;
The sons of Great-Britain, to battle arose,
Rush'd on like a Flood, and bore down all their foes.

Derry, &c.

XI.

Now Pitt, for our champion, we happily chose,
An impregnable bulwark against all our foes;
With fortitude, honour, and justice array'd,
Proud Gallia beholds him, and trembles dismay'd.

Derry, &c.

XII.

Our Tars, and our Troops, now rous'd to the fight,
And put the French Nation in terrible fright!
Now Louisbourg fell, and Cherbourg likewise;
French Fleets at St. Maloes, in smoke mount the skies;
This Edward the brave, Howe, & Marlbro' perform'd;
Boscawen, Wolfe, Amherst, strong Louisbourg storm'd.

Derry, &c.

XIII.

XIII.

Amherst, Johnson, & Forbes, in th' American War,
 Conquer'd Crown Point, Duquesne, & Fort Niagar;
 With these Rogers join'd, & thro' Woods, & Defiles,
 They march'd on victorious, in spite of French wiles.

Derry, &c.

XIV.

Bradstreet, Winslow, & Schomberg, resolv'd advance,
 And with them united 'gainst troublesome France;
 Drove Indians, and Gauls, each fortress they took,
 From the River Ohio, to Delaware's Brook.

Derry, &c.

XV.

At Guadaloup, Senegal, and the Places around,
 Draper, Barrington, Clive, with conquest were crown'd,
 In Afric, no one to oppose 'em was found,
 And Keppel in Thunder, beat Goree to Ground.

Derry, &c.

XVI.

Next Rodney bombarded poor Havre de Grace,
 And the flat-bottom'd Boats, topside turvy did place;
 The Project fine spun, of Invasion, he broke;
 Ramm'd their Schemes down their Throats, cloath'd
 in Vapour & Smoke.

Derry, &c.

XVII.

XVII.

We've Granby at Hanover, Granby the brave ;
 Who with bold Ferdinand, strives th' Elect's rate to save,
 And Contades for Life, (upon Minden's fam'd Plain)
 Will remember the brave Phillips, Drummond, Mac-
 bean. Derry, &c.

XVIII.

Tho' Richlieu, the Marshal (like an Imp sent from Hell)
 The Orphan House burnt, and the Orphans at Zell ;
 When Ferdinand fought, he fled in disgrace,
 And thirty six thousand * left dead on the Place.
Derry, &c.

XIX.

Each Foe from our Ally, brave Fred'rick, recedes,
 The Austrians, & Poles, Gauls, Russians, & Swedes ;
 He repels all their Pow'rs, their Malice disdains,
 And rolls wasting War, thro' the Germanic Plains.
Derry. &c.

XX.

Oft the Frigates of France, mann'd with Frenchmen
 so stout,
 Caught a terrible Tartar † in cruising abo ;
Brave

* I don't mean, he lost 3,000 in one Battle ; but so many of the French, were destroy'd, of that Army, by the best Accounts we can get.

Brave Lockhart † wou'd fight, like Achilles enrag'd,
And came home crown'd with Conquest whene'er he
engag'd. *Derry, &c.*

XXI.

Our Navy launch'd forth, in quest of their Prey,
And drove the French Navy quite out of the Sea ;
They sculk'd into Brest, Toulon, or Villaine ;
And there let 'em stay : for great GEORGE rules the
Main. *Derry, &c.*

XXII.

Holmes, and Saunders, in Canada, gave 'em a check.
And the brave English Wolfe, he devour'd Quebec,
And to the Confusion, and terror of Gaul,
A Prey to Great Britain, their Merchant Fleets fall.
Derry, &c.

XXIII.

Boscawen on shore, chas'd De Clue from the Sea ;
And Hawke conquer'd Conflans in Quibron Bay :
Some sunk, founder'd, burnt, (to quell Gallie Pride,)
And some captivated, to Great Britain glide !
Derry, &c.

XXIV.

† † It is a usual saying, when a Person finds he is overpower'd by an
Antagonist, in Argument, or Battle, (whom he thought to overcome)
that he caught a Tartar : And Capt. Lockhart, commanded his Ma-
jesty's Ship Tartar, and took many French Frigates of War.

XXIV.

Their floating Defence, began to grow scant,
 And the French Royal Navy, a Convoy did want ;
 Like a Brood of scar'd Chickens they sculk from the Sea,
 When they hear our brave Hawk is in quest of his Prey.

Derry, &c.

XXV.

Thurot, on Hibernia, made a Descent,
 But (like Gallic Fortune,) observe the Event ;
 Clements, Ellio, Logie, (a leash of brave Tars ;
 The Brothers of Neptune, the Rivals of Mars,)
 Pierce as Cubs, they rush'd forth, from the old Lion's
 Den,
 Fac'd the Hero Thurot, and affrighted his Men.

Derry, &c.

XXVI.

* Stern Æolus* first, he began the attack,
 In a sulph'rous storm, flung their Sails all aback ; †
 The Brilliant † Goddess † of War was engag'd.
 Terpsichore, & LeBlonde, Yard & Yard Arm engag'd,
 (The Brilliant Goddess of War was engag'd)

Derry, &c.

XXVII.

* Æolus, in History, is call'd the God of the Winds.
 † Aback, is a Sea Term, and it belongs to the Wind, to take the
 Sails all aback.
 † † The Ship Brilliant, and the Pallas ; which is call'd in History,
 the Goddess of War : these two engag'd the Terpsichore, and LeBlonde,
 whilst Capt. Elliott, in the Æolus, engag'd Monsieur Thurot, in the
 Belleisle.

XXVII.

The gallant Thurot, was slain in the Fray,
 And down came their Ensigns in pannic dismay;
 The French were amaz'd at Britannia's Thunder!
 They own'd themselves beat, & deliver'd their plunder.
Derry, &c.

XXVIII.

Resolv'd to retrieve the lost Honour of France,
 Against captiv'd Quebec, ten thousand advance:
 But Murray, & Britons, march'd out from the Fort,
 And gave them a sample of true English sport.
Derry, &c.

XXIX.

By thousands 'born down, yet little dismay'd,
 On the Walls of Quebec, such a Concert they play'd;
 The rough warlike Notes, chill'd the Ardor of France,
 They car'd not to join Hand in Hand in the Dance.
Derry, &c.

XXX.

When Schomberg, & Dean, & brave Swanton appear'd,
 And with Murray's Notes, in loud Concert were heard,
 A Pannic (accustom'd) fill'd Frenchmen with Fears,
 And rush'd to their Souls, thro' their terrify'd Ears,
Derry, &c.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Away fled the Frigates, on shore, in Despair,
 And the Forces forgot what first call'd 'em there ;
 They ran (deaf as Adders, to Glory's loud call,)
 From English Quebec, into French Montreal.

Derry, &c.

XXXII.

But Amherst, and Murray, with Vengeance pursu'd,
 And at Montreal, those Besiegers subdu'd :

When the three Nations join'd, and the Rangers give
 chase !

Where safely immur'd, can the French find a Place ?

Derry, &c.

XXXIII.

Lewis frets at the News, (like a Man in a Bog,)
 And fain wou'd call in both the Don and the Frog,
 But our Bulwarks afloat, belch their threats in black
 flame,

And our Troops are all ready to play the fierce Game.

Derry, &c.

XXXIV.

Now Fort Mc gave Keppel, and Hodgson a smile,
 They batter'd bombarded, confounded Belleisle :

The

The gallic Monarque, (like a growling she bear,
When robb'd of her whelps,) roar'd out in despair.
Derry, &c.

XXXV.

Next Monckton, and Rodney, (delighting in wars,)
With Great-Britain's Soldiers, and resolute Tars,
And GEORGE the third's veng'ance, (whom none
can withstand,)
Against Martinico, in thunder they land.
Derry, &c.

XXXVI.

Not long, Martinico their battle cou'd bear,
Monckton, Rodney, and Douglass, and Hervey
were there :
St. Peter's, St. Lucia's, the Conquerors own,
When down Martinico in ruin was thrown.
Derry, &c.

XXXVII.

At length the French arts, and French promises gain
The long wish'd, long promis'd assistance from Spain;
Great-Britain arouz'd, (like a Lion, in Rage,)
Defiance roar'd out, and prepar'd to engage.
Derry, &c.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Brave Albemarle, Pocock, and Keppel arose,
 And conquer'd at Cuba, our fierce Spanish Foes ;
 Of silver, and gold, rich Havannah they drain ;
 Lewis ! what wilt thou do ? for we've beggar'd
 proud Spain !

Derry, &c.

XXXIX.

Th' ill Fate of thy Ally still greatly prevails,
 And into our Port, his Hermione sails :
 Where ? where wilt thou go, to replenish thy store ?
 For thy Churches are robb'd of their glittering ore !

Derry, &c.

XL.

The gold laden Galleons, to Old-England are led ;
 And implacable Bess, of wild Russia is dead ;
 Fate, still seems resolv'd to sustain Prussia's Throne,
 And all hopes of conquest o'er Fred'rick are flown.

Derry, &c.

XLI.

The Flower de Luce, the old Lion hath rent,
 The French are all nonplus'd, their Treasures are
 spent ;
 Like Vermin inrapp'd, let 'em bustle and fret ;
 For their schemes are all sunk in a mighty deep Pitt.

Derry, &c.

A


~~~~~  
 A SONG, on the taking of MARTINICO.

## I.

WHEN Monckton, and Rodney, for landing  
 prepar'd,

Martinico's white flag of defiance was rear'd ;  
 An emblem most just, of their coolness, and fear,  
 And the hue of their faces, as Monckton drew  
 near.

*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

## II.

(As Jove flings his bolts, amidst sulphurous roar,)  
 Our Tars launch'd our terrible Troops on the shore,  
 Beneath the red Banners, (fit mark of their Rage ;)  
 Under which Britain's Sons of true Freedom en-  
 gage.

*Derry, &c.*

## III.

The Governor said, (with satyrical smile,)  
 Tho' they boast of reducing Quebec, and Belleisle ;  
 Believe me my Lads, (what I now shall express,)  
 They're faint hearted\* females, in fierce manly dress.

*Derry, &c.*

## IV.

We are inform'd, when our Troops were landing at Mar-  
 tinico ; that M<sup>r</sup> De la Touche, the French Governor, told his  
 men,

## IV.

Perhaps, when he saw Caledonians draw nigh ;  
 He thought that they held up their petticoats high ;  
 As he in such dress, unaccustom'd had been,  
 Little dreamt that the Lion was in the sheep's skin.  
*Derry, &c.*

## V.

They trod terrafirma, to battle they flew,  
 Quickly prov'd they were males, and rough ve-  
 terans too ;  
 Seiz'd with speed most precipitate, ev'ry Redoubt,  
 (As red Britons march'd in, the pale Frenchmen  
 ran out.)

*Derry, &c.*

## VI.

De la Touche's old Women, advanced with speed,  
 As Tigers, in chace of a terrify'd Kid :  
 Those testy old Matrons, wou'd have turn'd up the  
 Br—ch,  
 Of all his French boys, had they stay'd in their reach.

*Derry, &c.*

## VII.

men, to encourage them to battle ; that the English Forces, were  
 only a parcel of Women, dress'd like the Soldiers : which if they  
 had believ'd ever so firmly, the event of the battle, gave both him,  
 and them, intire satisfaction to the contrary.

## VII.

His Troops made request, that his Cooks they  
might be,

And cut all our Troops, into small \* Fricasee ;  
But their dismal mishap, we may aptly compare,  
To his, who unkill'd, sold \* the skin of a Bear.

*Derry, &c.*

## VIII.

La Touche chang'd his tale, from what he'd begun,  
Saying surely their Monarch is Philip's† great son ;  
And his Troops, which those Heroes undauntedly  
lead,

Are the Troops of old Macedon rose from the dead.

*Derry, &c.*

## IX.

To the hills, with some thousands, I straightway  
will flee ;

For here is no room, for my Troops, nor for me ;

Let

\* We heard that the French Troops, petition'd to the Governor, to have liberty to make a sally, and cut all our Troops up, into a Haulhee, or Fricasee. The event declar'd their mistake : for they had Great-Britain's Troops to deal with : and I suppose, the fable of the Hunter, Tanner, and Bear, is so well known, that it needs no recital here.

† Alexander, who conquer'd the World ; was son to Philip, King of Macedon. The Macedonian Troops, were those, with which Alexander conquer'd.

Let GEORGE take the forts, ammunition, and  
store ;

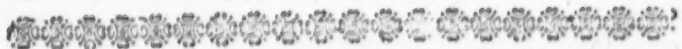
The World must own \* Him, for its Master \* once  
more.

*Derry, &c.*

As Alexander conquer'd the World, and Dela Touche,  
just now said, his Majesty King GEORGE the third, was Philip's  
son; and his Troops, the old Macedonians, of Alexander's  
Army ; the allusion I think is just, to say, the World will once  
more be his.

**F I N I S**




  
**P**ROPOSALS for printing by subscription, on sufficient encouragement being given : As a Supplement to the foregoing Poem, and a Period to this glorious War : By **GEORGE COCKINGS** : The taking, and re-taking, of St. John's, in Newfoundland, in heroic Verse : and in the same letter, and size of page, as the former Poem. With a Preface, and explanation annex'd to the Poem ; and large marginal References : in which, every thing necessary to be animadverted on, the Author has endeavour'd to explain, to the satisfaction of every Reader : such as the naval protection we were favour'd with from Home, for the Continent, Louisbourg, and Newfoundland : and the speed, with which ships were equipt, and sent out to guard our Territories, and revenge the injury : who unluckily, came after the French fleet was sail'd, and the Place was again reduc'd by Forces, seasonably sent from the Continent. And the Preface, and References, likewise display, the behaviour of the French, when we surrender'd, and the usage, they in general gave the greatest part of the people. The Author being on the spot, and remaining there, till the day Lord *Colville*, &c. arriv'd from the Continent. After which, the Poem declares the Gallantry of Lord *Colville*, Capt. *Graves*, Capt. *Jarvis*, Capt. *Douglass*, and Capt. *Hallowell* ; in the Northumberland, a 74, the Antelope, a 50, the Gosport, a 40, the Siren, a 20, and the King George, a 26 gun ship, of Massachusetts : which I saw bravely dare the French Fleet, a 74, a 64, a 35, a 26, and a 14 gun ship, to come out, with a fair wind, and engage ; altho' soldiers, and all included, they had 3 men to 2. Whilst the Gosport, and King George, took an armed schooner, in Deadman's-Bay, and almost under their Garrison. After which, for about 3 weeks, they block'd up the Harbour. Next, in order, the animated resolves, and seasonable activity, of General, and Colonel *Amherst*, and the American Provinces ; who all, like faithful Sons of their Mother Country ; made a rapid progress, in arming, and sending the few forces they could collect, to battle with our exulting foes. Their descent, march through the woods, routing the enemy, and taking possession of Quitty Vitty. Their resolute intrepidity, in attacking, and ascending the stupendous, and ambuscaded Hill, call'd Look-out. The danger, and place describ'd : (being well known to the Author.) The advance, and charge, face to face, with the prime, and veteran troops of France. The rout of the foe ; their retreat, and halt ; and Britain's thunder-storm, and her thunder-bolts of war, rushing with headlong fury, down the craggy steep, upon them.
   
 Their

Their second rout, and retreat to the garrison. The garrison attack'd, and carried by our animated troops. Thro' the whole narration, many deserving, and distinguish'd Leaders, shine with their justly deserved share of honour; without any partial prejudice, to country or party. And to which will be added, an Essay on the glorious Peace, (in heroic Verse,) generously bestowed on warring Europe, by victorious GEORGE the third: in which, the Author has endeavour'd to place in their true light, every Statesman, and Patriot, whether in, or out; and every Warrior, whether living, or dead; so far as he can learn, they contributed to the honour of Great Britain, and her Colonies; and the glorious Period put to the bloody and expensive war.

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N. B. Any Gentlemen inclin'd to subscribe, may hear the Preface, Explanation, and Poem, from the Author: but he will not part with the Manuscript to any one.





